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A TRUTHFUL WOMAN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY

KATE SANBORN

AUTHOR OF ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM, ETC.

NEW YORK

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1894

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A Truthful Woman in Southern California.

CHAPTER I.

HINTS FOR THE JOURNEY.

The typical Forty-niner, in alluring dreams, grips the Golden Fleece.

The *fin-de-siècle* Argonaut, in Pullman train, flees the Cold and Grip.

En Sol y la Sombra—shade as well as sun.

YES, as California is. I resolve neither to soar into romance nor drop into poetry (as even Chicago drummers do here), nor to idealize nor quote too many prodigious stories, but to write such a book as I needed to read before leaving my "Abandoned Farm," "Gooseville," Mass. For I have discovered that many other travellers are as igno-

rant as myself regarding practical information about every-day life here, and many others at home may know even less.

So let me say that California has not a tropical, but a semi-tropical climate, and you need the same clothing for almost every month that is found necessary and comfortable in New York or Chicago during the winter.

Bring fur capes, heavy wraps, simple woolen dresses for morning and outdoor life; and unless rolling in wealth, pack as little as possible of everything else, for extra baggage is a curse and will deplete a heavy purse,—that rhymes and has reason too. I know of one man who paid $300 for extra baggage for his party of fifteen from Boston to Los Angeles.

Last year I brought dresses and underwear for every season, and for a vague unknown fifth; also my lectures, causing profanity all along the line, and costing enough to provide drawing-room accommodations for the entire trip.

Why did I come? Laryngitis, bronchitis, tonsilitis, had claimed me as their own. Grip

(I will not honor it with a foreign spelling, now it is so thoroughly acclimated and in every home) had clutched me twice—nay, thrice; doctors shook their heads, thumped my lungs, sprayed my throat, douched my nose, dosed me with cough anodynes and nerve tonics, and pronounced another winter in the North a dangerous experiment. Some of you know about this from personal experience. Not a human being could I induce to join me. If this hits your case, do not be deterred; just come and be made over into a joyous, healthful life. I would not urge those to take the tedious journey who are hopelessly consumptive. Home is the best place for such, and although I see many dragging wearily along with one lung, or even half of that, who settle here and get married and prolong existence for a few years, and although some marvellous cures have been effected, still I say the same.

And what is to be put in the one big trunk? Plenty of flannels of medium thickness, a few pretty evening dresses, two blouses, silk and woolen or velvet for morning wear, with simple

skirts, a gossamer, rubbers, thick boots for long tramps and excursions, parasol, umbrella, soft hat to shade the face, and gloves for all sorts of occasions. I do not venture to suggest anything for men, they travel so sensibly. The more experienced one is, the less he carries with him.

So do not load up with portfolio and portable inkstand, your favorite stationery, the books that delighted your childhood or exerted a formative influence upon your character in youth. Deny yourself and leave at home the gold or silver toilet set, photograph album, family Bibles, heavy fancy work, gilded horseshoe for luck, etc. I know of bright people who actually carried their favorite matches from an eastern city to Tacoma, also a big box of crackers, cheese, pickles, and preserved fruits, only to find the best of everything in that brilliant and up-with-the-times city. One old lady brought a calla-lily in a pot! When she arrived and saw hedges and fields of lilies, hers went out of the window. Another lady from Boston brought a quart bottle of the blackest ink,

only to spill it all upon a new carpet at Santa Barbara, costing the boarding-house keeper thirty-five dollars. Everything that one needs can be purchased all along the way, from a quinine capsule to a complete outfit for any occasion.

As to the various ways of coming here, I greatly prefer the Southern Pacific in winter, and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé in spring or summer. Either will take you from New York to San Diego and return for $137, allowing six months' stay. The "Phillips Excursion" will take you from Boston to San Francisco for fifty-five dollars. But in this case the beds are hard, and you provide your own meals. Some try the long voyage, twenty-three days from New York to San Francisco. It is considered monotonous and undesirable by some; others, equally good judges, prefer it decidedly.

I believe in taking along a loose wrapper to wear in the cars, especially when crossing the desert. It greatly lessens fatigue to be able to curl up cosily in a corner and go to sleep, with a silk travelling hat or a long veil on one's head,

and the stiff bonnet or big hat with showy plumes nicely covered in its long purse-like bag, and hanging on a hook above. The sand and alkali ruin everything, and are apt to inflame the eyes and nose. I find a hamper with strap indispensable on the train; it will hold as much as a small trunk, yet it can be easily carried.

Now imagine you have arrived, very tired, and probably with a cold in your head, for the close heated cars and the sudden changes of climate are trying. You may be at The Raymond, and "personally conducted." Nothing can be better than that. But if you are alone at Los Angeles, or San Francisco, come straight down to Coronado Beach, and begin at the beginning—or the end, as you may think it.

CHAPTER II.

AT CORONADO BEACH.

I ASSOCIATE Coronado Beach so closely with Warner (Charles D.), the cultured and cosmopolitan, that every wave seems to murmur his name, and the immense hotel lives and flourishes under the magic of his rhetoric and commendation. Just as Philadelphia is to me Wanamakerville and Terrapin, so Coronado Beach is permeated and lastingly magnetized by Warner's sojourn here and what he "was saying."

But I must venture to find fault with his million-times-quoted adjective "unique" as it is used. It has been stamped on stationery and menu cards, and has gone the world over in his volume "Our Italy," and no one ever visits this spot who has not made the phrase his

own. To me it deserves a stronger word, or series of words. We say a pretty girl has a "unique" way of dressing her hair, or an author a "unique" way of putting things.

But as I look out of my window this glorious morning, and watch the triple line of foaming waves breaking on the long beach, a silver sickle in the sunshine; the broad expanse of the Pacific, with distant sails looking like butterflies apoise; Point Loma grandly guarding the right, and farther back the mountain view, where snowy peaks can just be discerned over the nearer ranges; the quiet beauty of the grounds below, where borders and ovals and beds of marguerites contrast prettily with long lines and curves of the brilliant marigolds; grass, trees, and hedges green as June—a view which embraces the palm and the pine, the ocean and lofty mountains, cultivated gardens and rocky wastes, as I see all this, I for one moment forget "unique" and exclaim, "How bold, magnificent, and unrivalled!" Give me a new and fitting adjective to describe what I see. Our best descriptive adjectives are so

recklessly used in daily life over minute matters, that absolutely nothing is left for this rare combination.

As a daughter of New Hampshire in this farthest corner of the southwest, my mind crosses the continent to the remote northeast and the great Stone Face of the Franconia Mountains. Chiselled by an Almighty hand, its rugged brow seamed by the centuries, its features scarred by the storms of ages, gazing out over the broad land, where centre the hopes of the human race, who can forget that face, sad with the mysteries of pain and sorrow, yet inspiring with its rugged determination, and at times softened with the touch of sunlit hope?

Point Loma has something of the same sphinx-like grandeur, with its long bold promontory stretching out into the western waters. These two seem to be keeping watch and ward over mountain and sea: each appropriate in its place and equally impressive. There the stern prophet surveying the home of great beginnings, the cradle of creative energy; and here,

its counterpart, a mighty recumbent lion, its dreamy, peaceful gaze turned with confidence out over the wide Pacific to the setting sun, with assurance of ultimate success, a pledge of aspirations satisfied, of achievements assured, of——Whoa there! Hello! This to my runaway steeds, Imagination and Sentiment. Brought back by a passing bell-boy, I shall now keep a tighter rein.

But when one first breathes the air of California, there is a curious exaltation and excitement, which leads on irresistibly. This is often followed by a natural depression, sleepiness, and reaction. But that view never changes, and I know you will say the same. A florid, effervescent, rhapsodical style seems irresistible. One man of uncommon business ability and particularly level head caught the spirit of the place, and wrote that "the most practical and unpoetical minds, too, come here and go away, as they afterward gingerly admit, carrying with them the memory of sunsets emblazoned in gold and crimson upon cloud, sea, and mountain; of violet promontories, sails, and lighthouses

etched against the orange of a western sky; of moonlight silvering breeze-rippled breadths of liquid blue; of distant islands shimmering in sun-lit haze; of sunrises with crowns of glory chasing the vapory, fleece-like shadows from the wet, irridescent beach, and silhouetting the fishermen's sails in the opalescent tints of a glassy sea."

Some temperaments may not be affected at all. But the first morning I felt like leaping a five-barred fence, and the next like lying down anywhere and sleeping indefinitely. I met a distinguished Boston artist recently, who had just arrived. The day was superb. He seemed in a semi-delirium of ecstasy over everything. His face glowed, his eyes shone, his hands were full of flowers. He said, "My heart jumps so I'm really afraid it will jump out of my body." The next morning he was wholly subdued. It had poured all night, and the contrast was depressing. A six-footer from Albany was in the sleepy state. "If I don't pull out soon," he said, "I shall be bedridden. I want to sleep after breakfast, or bowling, or

bath, or my ride or dinner, and really long to go to bed by nine."

There has probably been more fine writing and florid rhetoric about California than any other State in the Union.

The Hotel del Coronado is a mammoth hostelry, yet homelike in every part, built in a rectangle with inner court, adorned with trees, flowers, vines, and a fountain encircled by callas; color, pure white, roofs and chimneys red; prevailing woods, oak, ash, pine, and redwood. All around the inner court a series of suites of rooms, each with its own bath and corner sitting-room—literally "a linkèd suiteness long drawn out." It is one eighth of a mile from my bedroom to my seat in the dining-room, so that lazy people are obliged to take daily constitutionals whether they want to or not, sighing midway for trolley accommodations. The dining-room may safely be called roomy, as it seats a thousand guests, and your dearest friends could not be recognized at the extreme end. Yet there is no dreary stretch or caravansary effect, and to-day every seat is filled, and a dozen tourists waiting at the door.

Every recreation of city or country is found in this little world: thirty billiard-tables, pool, bowling, tennis, polo, bathing (where bucking barrel-horses and toboggan slides, fat men who produce tidal waves, and tiny boys who do the heroic as sliders and divers, make fun for the spectators), hunting, fishing, yachting, rowing, riding to hounds, rabbit hunts, pigeon shoot, shooting-galleries, driving, coaching, cards, theatre, ballroom, lectures, minstrels, exhibitions of the Mammoth and Minute from Yosemite with the stereopticon, to Pacific seamosses, the ostrich farm, the museum or maze for a morning hour, dressing or undressing for evening display, watching the collection of human beings who throng everywhere with a critical or humorous eye, finding as much variety as on Broadway or Tremont Street; dancing-classes for children; a chaperon and a master of ceremonies for grown folks; a walk or drive twelve miles long on a smooth beach at low tide, not forgetting the "dark room" for kodak and camera f—amateurs.

You see many athletic, fine-looking men, who ride daringly and ride to kill. Once a

week the centre of the office is filled with game: rabbits, quail, snipe, ducks, etc., everything here —but an undertaker. And old Ocean eternally booming (the only permanent boom I know of in Southern California).

And that is what you see and hear at the Hotel del Coronado. The summer climate is better than the winter—never too warm for comfort, the mercury never moving for weeks. I expected constant sunshine, a succession of June's fairest days, which would have been monotonous, to say nothing of the effect upon crops and orchards. The rainy season is necessary and a blessing to the land-owners, hard as it is for "lungers" and the nervous invalids who only feel well on fine days and complain unreasonably.

Ten inches is the average needed just here. Rain is rainy and wet weather is wet, but the ground dries as soon as the pelting shower is over. I do not find the raw, searching dampness of our Eastern seashore resorts. Here we are said to have "dry fogs" and an ideal marine atmosphere, but it was too cold for comfort

during the March rains for those not in robust health.

As I sit in the upper gallery and watch the throng issuing from the dining-room, I make a nice and unerring social distinction between the Toothpick Brigade who leave the table with the final mouthful semi-masticated, and those who have an air of finished contentment.

The orchestra is unusually good, giving choice selections admirably executed. I have not decided whether music at meals is a blessing or otherwise. If sad, it seems a mockery; if gay, an interruption. For one extremely sensitive to time and tune it is difficult to eat to slow measures. And when the steak is tough and a galop is going on above, it is hard to keep up.

Among the many fleeting impressions of faces and friends here, one or two stand out clearly and indelibly—stars of the first magnitude in the nebulæ—as dear Grandma Wade from Chicago, the most attractive old lady I ever met: eighty-three years old, with a firm step, rotund figure, and sweet, unruffled face,

crowned with the softest snow-white curls, on which rests an artistic cap trimmed with ribbons of blue or delicate heliotrope, and small artificial flowers to match. I have known several interesting octogenarians, but never one that surpassed her in loveliness, wit, and positive jollity. Her spontaneous fun is better than the labored efforts of many a famous humorist.

She still has her ardent admirers among men as well as women, and now and then receives an earnest proposal from some lonely old fellow.

The last of these aged lovers, when refused and relegated to the position of a brother, urged her to reconsider this important matter, making it a subject of prayer. But she quietly said, "I'm not going to bother the Lord with questions I can answer myself." When choked by a bread-crumb at table, she said to the frightened waiter, as soon as she had regained her breath, "Never mind, if that did go down the wrong way, a great many good things have gone down the right way this winter."

She is invariably cheerful, and when parting with her son for the winter she said, "Well,

John, I want to know before I go just what you have left me in your will!" which little joke changed a tear into a smile.

Even when ill she is still bright and hopeful, so that a friend exclaimed, "Grandma, I do believe you would laugh if you were dying;" and she replied, "Well, so many folks go to the Lord with a long face, I guess He will be glad to see one come in smiling."

Oh, how repulsive the artificial bloom, the cosmetics and hair-dyes which make old age a horror, compared with her natural beauty! God bless and keep dear Grandma Wade!

Little "Ted" is another character and favorite, and his letter to his nurse in New York gives a good idea of how the place affects a bright, impressionable child.

"My dear Julia: *It is a dummy near the hotel and it takes five days to come here and there is an island right beyond the boat house and they have a pigeon shoot every week. And there is six hundred people here Julia, one hundred and fifty came yesterday.*

"There is a mountin across the river and a house very far away by itself, Julia. I play in the sand every day of my life, and I take swimming lessons and I have two oranges. California is the biggest world in the country and there is a tree very, very far away. Julia it is a puzzle walk near the hotel, Rose and me went all through it and Julia, we got our way out easy."

He has it all. All the trees are cultivated here, so I looked round for the one Ted spoke of, and find it lights up at night and revolves for the aid of the mariners. I think that all Californians echo his sentiment that "California is the biggest world in the country"; and compared with the hard work of the New England farmers, what is the cultivation of orchards but playing in the sand with golden oranges? Some one says that Californians "irrigate, cultivate, and exaggerate."

Charles Nordhoff, the veteran journalist and author, lives within sight of the hotel (which he pronounces the most perfect and charming hotel he knows of in Europe or America), in a

rambling bungalow consisting of three small cottages moved from different points and made into one. He believes in California for "health, pleasure, and residence." It is a rare privilege to listen to his conversation, sitting by his open fire or at his library table, or when he is entertaining friends at dinner.

So ends my sketch of Coronado. Coronado! What a perfect word! Musical, euphonious, regal, "the crowned"! The name of the governor of New Galicia, and captain-general of the Spanish army, sent forth in 1540 in search of the seven cities of Cibola. General J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., has witten a valuable monograph on "Coronado's March," which can be found in the Smithsonian Report for 1869.

I intend to avoid statistics and history on the one side, and extravagant eulogy on the other.

Now we will say good-by to our new friends, take one more look at Point Loma, and cross the ferry to San Diego.

CHAPTER III.

SAN DIEGO.

"The truly magnificent, and—with reason—famous port of San Diego."—*From the first letter of Father Junipero in Alto California.*

FIFTEEN cents for motor, ferry, and car will take you to Hotel Florence, on the heights overlooking the bay, where I advise you to stop. The Horton House is on an open, sunny site, and is frequented by "transients" and business men of moderate means. The Brewster is a first-class hotel, with excellent table. The Florence is not a large boarding-house or family hotel, but open for all. It has a friendly, homelike atmosphere, without the exactions of an ultra-fashionable resort. The maximum January temperature is seventy-four degrees, while that of July is seventy-nine degrees, and invalid guests at this house wear the same weight clothing in sum-

mer that they do in winter. The rooms of this house are all sunny, and each has a charming ocean or mountain view. It is easy to get there; hard to go away. Arriving from Coronado Beach, I was reminded of the Frenchman who married a quiet little home body after a desperate flirtation with a brilliant society queen full of tyrannical whims and capricious demands. When this was commented on as surprising, he explained that after playing with a squirrel one likes to take a cat in his lap. Really, it is so restful that the building suggests a big yellow tabby purring sleepily in the sunshine. I sat on the veranda, or piazza, taking a sun-bath, in a happy dream or doze, until the condition of nirvana was almost attained. What day of the week was it? And the season? Who could tell? And who cares? Certainly no one has the energy to decide it. Last year, going there to spend one day, I remained for five weeks, hypnotized by my environments—beguiled, deluded, unconscious of the flight of time, serenely happy. Many come for a season, and wake up after five or six years to find

it is now their home. "There seems to exist in this country a something which cheats the senses; whether it be in the air, the sunshine, or in the ocean breeze, or in all three combined, I cannot say. Certainly the climate is not the home-made common-sense article of the anti-Rocky Mountain States; and unreality is thrown round life—all walk and work in a dream."

At Coronado Beach one rushes out after breakfast for an all-day excursion or morning tramp; here one sits and sits, always intending to go somewhere or do something, until the pile of unanswered letters accumulates and the projected trips weary one in a dim perspective. It is all so beautiful, so new, so wonderful! San Diego is the Naples of America, with the San Jacinto Mountains for a background and the blue sunlit bay to gaze upon, and one of the finest harbors in the world. Yet with all this, few have the energy even to go a-fishing.

Now, as a truthful "tourist," I must admit that in the winter there are many days when the sun does not shine, and the rainy season is

not altogether cheerful for the invalid and the stranger. Sunshine, glorious golden sunshine, is what we want all the time; but we do not get it. I noticed that during the heavy rains the invalids retired to their rooms, overcome by the chill and dampness, and some were seriously ill. But then they would have been in their graves if they had remained in the East. There are many charming people residing in San Diego, well, happy, useful, who know they can never safely return to their old homes.

There has been such a rosy glamour thrown over southern California by enthusiastic romancers that many are disappointed when they fail to find an absolute Paradise.

Humboldt said of California: "The sky is constantly serene and of a deep blue, and without a cloud; and should any clouds appear for a moment at the setting of the sun, they display the most beautiful shades of violet, purple, and green." *

* Humboldt had never been in Alta California, and procured this information in Mexico or Spain.

Now, after reading that, a real rainy day, when the water leaks through the roof and beats in at the doors, makes a depressed invalid feel like a drenched fowl standing forlornly on one leg in the midst of a New England storm. With snow-covered mountains on one side and the ocean with its heavy fogs on the other, and the tedious rain pouring down with gloomy persistence, and consumptives coughing violently, and physicians hurrying in to attend to a sudden hemorrhage or heart-failure, the scene is not wholly gay and inspiriting. But when the sun comes forth again and the flowers (that look to me a little tired of blooming all the time) brighten up with fresh washed faces, and all vegetation rejoices and you can almost see things grow, and the waves dance and glitter, and the mountains no longer look cold and threatening but seem like painted scenery, *a la* Bierstadt, hung up for our admiration, and the valleys breathe the spicy fragrance of orange blossoms, we are once more happy, and ready to rave a little ourselves over the much-talked-of "bay 'n' climate." But there are dangers

even on the sunniest day. I know a young physician who came this year on a semi-professional tour, to try the effects of inhalations on tuberculosis, and it was so delightfully warm that he straightway took off his flannels, was careless about night air, and was down with pneumonia.

The tourist or traveller who writes of San Diego usually knows nothing of it but a week or two in winter or early spring.

Southern California has fifty-two weeks in the year, and for two thirds of this time the weather is superb.

I can imagine even a mission Indian grunting and complaining if taken to our part of the country in the midst of a week's storm. We flee from deadly horrors of climate to be fastidiously critical. If, in midsummer, sweltering sufferers in New York or Chicago could be transported to this land they would not hurry away. The heat is rarely above eighty-five degrees, and nearly always mitigated by a refreshing breeze from the bay. I am assured that there have not been five nights in as many

years when one or more blankets have not been necessary for comfort. In summer everything is serene. No rain, no thunder-storms, no hail, or water-spouts. (The dust pest is never spoken of!) The picnic can be arranged three weeks ahead without an anxious thought about the weather. The summer sunsets are marvellously beautiful.

One must summer and winter here before he can judge fairly, and the hyper-sensitive should tarry in New Mexico or in the desert until spring. I believe that rheumatic or neuralgic invalids should avoid the damp resorts to which they are constantly flocking only to be dissatisfied. Every sort of climate can be found in the State, so that no one has the right to grumble.

Do not take off flannels, although the perspiration does trickle down the side of your face as you sit in the sun. A fur cape is always needed to protect one shoulder from a chilling breeze while the other side is toasted. It is not safe for new-comers to be out-of-doors after four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor must

they ride in open cars except in the middle of the day. These innocent diversions give the doctors their support.

Bill Nye, with his usual good sense, refused to drive in a pouring rain to view the scenery and orchards when visiting San Diego in March, and says: "Orange orchards are rare and beautiful sights, but when I can sit in this warm room, gathered about a big coal fire, and see miles of them from the window, why should I put on my fur overcoat and a mackintosh in order to freeze and cry out with assumed delight every half-mile while I gradually get Pomona of the lungs?"

There are many places worth visiting if you can rouse yourselves for the effort. Point Loma, twelve miles distant, gives a wonderful view, one of the finest in the world. I warrant you will be so famished on arriving that you will empty every lunch-basket before attending to the outlook. National City, Sweet Water Dam, Tia Juana (Aunt Jane), La Jolla—you will hear of all these. I have tried them and will report.

The Kimball brothers, Warren and Frank, who came from New Hampshire twenty-five years ago and devoted their energies to planting orchards of oranges, lemons, and olives, have made the desert bloom, and found the business most profitable. You will like to watch the processes of pickling olives and pressing out the clear amber oil, which is now used by consumptives in preference to the cod-liver oil. Many are rubbed with it daily for increasing flesh. It is delicious for the table, but the profits are small, as cotton-seed oil is much cheaper. Lemons pay better than oranges, Mr. Kimball tells me. Mrs. Flora Kimball has worked side by side with her husband, who is an enthusiast for the rights of woman. She is progressive, and ready to help in every good work, with great executive ability and a hearty appreciation of any good quality in others.

It does not pay to take the trip to Mexico if time is limited, there is so little of Mexico in it. After leaving the train and getting into an omnibus, the voluble darkey in charge soon

shouts out, "We are now crossing the line," but as no difference of scene is observed, it is not deeply impressive. One young fellow got out and jumped back and forth over the line, so that if asked on his return if he had been to Mexico he could conscientiously answer, "Oh yes, many times." We were then taken to the custom-house, where we mailed some hastily scribbled letters for the sake of using a Mexican stamp,—some preferred it stamped on a handkerchief. And near by is the curio store, where you find the same things which are seen everywhere, and where you will doubtless buy a lot of stuff and be sorry for it. But whatever other folly you may be led into, let me implore you to wholly abstain from that deadly concoction, the Mexican *tamale*. Ugh! I can taste mine now.

A *tamale* is a curious and dubious combination of chicken hash, meal, olives, red pepper, and I know not what, enclosed in a corn-husk, steamed until furiously hot, and then offered for sale by Mexicans in such a sweet, appealing way that few can resist the novelty. It has a

more uncertain pedigree than the sausage, and its effects are serious.

A friend of mine tasted a small portion of one late at night. It was later before she could sleep, and then terrible nightmares intruded upon her slumber. Next morning she looked so ill and enfeebled, so unlike her rosy self, that we begged to know the cause. The tale was thrilling. She thought a civil war had broken out and she could not telegraph to her distant spouse. The agony was intense. She must go to him with her five children, and at once. They climbed mountains, tumbled into cañons, were arrested in their progress by cataracts and wild storms, and even the hostile Indian appeared in full war-paint at a point above. This awoke her, only to fall into another horrible situation. An old lover suddenly returned, tried to approach her; she screamed, "I am now a married woman!"—he lifted his revolver, and once again she returned to consciousness and the *tamale*, and brandy, and Brown's Jamaica ginger. If she had eaten half the *tamale* the pistol would doubtless have completed its

deadly work. A kind old gentleman of our party bought a dozen to treat us all. We were obliged to refuse, and it was amusing to watch him in his endeavor to get rid of them. At last he made several journeys to the car door, throwing out a few each trip in a solemn way. He didn't want to hurt the feelings of the natives by casting them all out at once.

Sweet Water Dam is a triumph of engineering, one of the largest dams in the world, holding six million gallons of water, used for irrigating ranches in Sweet Water Valley; and at La Jolla you will find pretty shells and clamber down to the caves. There the stones are slippery, and an absorbing flirtation should be resisted, as the tide often intrudes most unexpectedly, and in dangerous haste. Besides the caves the attractions are the fishing and the kelp beds. These kelp beds form a submarine garden, and the water is so clear that one can see beautiful plants, fish, etc., at forty or fifty feet below the sea surface—not unlike the famous sea-gardens at Nassau in the Bahamas. There is a good hotel, open the year round.

Lakeside is a quiet inland retreat twenty-two miles from San Diego, where many go for a little excursion and change of air. The Lakeside Hotel has seventy large rooms and complete appointments. The table is supplied with plenty of milk and *real* cream from their own cows, vegetables and fruit from the neighboring ranches, game in its season, shot on the lake near by, and, in the valleys, meats from home-grown stock. The guests who are not too invalidish often go out for long drives, never forgetting the lunch-baskets. One day we try the Alpine stage. Winding across the mesa at the rear of the hotel, we have a lovely view of the little lake half hidden in the trees, reflecting in its quiet surface the mountains that rise up beyond it. Gradually climbing upward, we come to a tract of land that is watered by the Flume. To our surprise we learn that this is practically frostless, and that since this has been discovered many young orchards of oranges and lemons have been planted. The red mesa land on the side-hills will not be touched by the frosts of a cold night when the valley at

its foot will have enough frost to kill all tender growth. This is a new discovery, and has placed thousands of acres on the market as suitable for the culture of citrus fruits. Do you notice how the appearance of the landscape is changing? The nearer hills are much sharper and steeper, and their sides are studded by great boulders. There are stone walls, and here and there are great flocks of sheep. The horses stop of their own accord at a lovely spot where they are used to getting a drink of cool spring water. Did any ever taste quite so good as that drunk from an old dipper after a long warm drive? The live-oaks and sycamores look too inviting to be resisted, and we get out to explore while the horses are resting. Underneath the evergreen shade we pick up some of the large pointed acorns and carry them away as souvenirs. This would be a delightful spot for a picnic, but we have many miles before us and must go on. In a few more miles we reach a little town known as "Alpine." In the distance looms the Viejas, and if any of the party wish to travel over a

grade, now is the opportunity. The top of the grade brings us to a lovely view. Eastward is an unbroken chain of mountain-peaks, from whose summits may be seen the broad Pacific on one side and the Colorado Desert on the other.

One of the favorite drives is into the Monte. This is a large park or tract of a thousand acres. On each side the hills rise, and in front El Cajon shows new beauties with every step of the way. Great live-oaks with enormous trunks, ancient sycamores, elders, and willows make in some spots a dense shade. On the edge of the hillsides the Flume may be seen, which furnishes many ranches as well as the city of San Diego with the purest mountain water. Underneath the trees and up on the rocks the lover of flowers and ferns will scramble. There are the dainty forget-me-nots, tiny flowers of starry white, flowers of pale orange with centres of deep maroon, the wild galliardia, and the wild peony with its variegated leaves. Many other delicate blossoms which we cannot stop to describe are there too. And

the ferns! All kinds may be found by the initiated, and many are close at hand. The fern lined with gold or with silver, the running ferns, the ferns of lace-like fineness, the ferns as soft as velvet, all growing in the greatest profusion. And each day of the week a different drive and new delights.

There is the valley of El Cajon ("the box"), which should be visited in grape-picking time. The great Boston ranch alone employs three hundred and twenty-five pickers. Men, women, children, all busy, and the grapes when just turned are sweet, spicy, and delicious, making the air fragrant. This valley is dotted with handsome villas and prosperous ranches. The range of mountains which looms up before us from the veranda of the hotel is not yet dignified by a name, yet it is more imposing than the White Mountains, and in the distance we see old Cuyamaca, nearly seven thousand feet high. But we must take the next train for San Diego, or this chapter will be a volume in itself. And I have not even alluded to the "Great Back Country."

The founder of San Diego is still living, still hopeful, still young at heart. "Father" Horton, the typical pioneer, deserves more honors than he has yet received. Coming from Connecticut to California in 1851, he soon made a small fortune in mining, buying and selling gold-dust, and providing the diggers with ice and water for their work. He rode over the country in those lawless times selling the precious dust disguised as a poverty-stricken good-for-naught, with trusty revolver always in his right hand on the pommel of the saddle—the handsome green saddle covered with an old potato sack. In this way he evaded the very men who had been on his track for weeks. Once he came near capture. He passed a bad-looking lot of horsemen, one of whom had a deep red scar the whole length of his cheek. He got by safely, but one, looking round, exclaimed, "My God! That's Horton! I see the green saddle." And back they dashed to kill him and gain his treasure, but he escaped into a cañon, and they lost their one chance.

At another time he had $3500 in gold in his

belt, and at a tavern of poor repute he could hear through cracks in the floor of his bedroom the gamblers below laughing about the old greenhorn above who had his supper of mush and milk and had asked for a lock on his door.

Returning East *via* Panama in 1856, he proved himself a hero and a soldier during the terrible riot there. The natives, angry because they had lost the money they used to make in transporting passengers, attacked the foreigners, killing and plundering all who came in their way, the police turning traitors and aiding them. The hotel was attacked, and among all the passengers only three were armed. Mr. Horton and these two young men stood at the top of the stairs and shot all who tried to get nearer. When they fell back eight rioters were dead and others wounded. Then Mr. Horton formed the two hundred passengers in order and marched them off to a lighter, and put them aboard the steamer. About half this number wanted to go on to San Francisco, but had lost all their money and baggage. Mr. Ralston and Mr. Horton helped many to pay their passage,

but not one person was ever heard of again, not one cent was returned, not even one word of gratitude or good intentions.

Up to the period which is known as the boom of 1870–71, the history of San Diego was so interwoven and closely connected with the life of Mr. Horton that the story of one is inseparable from that of the other.

When Mr. Horton came from San Francisco to see the wonderful harbor described by friends, there was nothing there but two old buildings, the barren hillsides, and the sheep pastures.

His gifts to the city and to individuals amount to a present valuation of over a million of dollars. Of the nine hundred acres of land which he originally bought (a part of the Mexican grant) at twenty-seven cents an acre, he owns but little.

But it is to his common sense, foresight, and business ability that the present city owes much of its success; and it is interesting to hear him tell of exciting adventures in "Poker Flat," and other places which Bret Harte has worked up so successfully.

Lieut. George H. Derby is amusingly associ-

ated with "Old Town," the former San Diego, three miles from the present city. He had offended Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, by his irreverent wit, and was punished by exile to this then almost unknown region, which he called "Sandy Ague," chiefly inhabited by the flea, the horned toad, and the rattlesnake. Mr. Ames, of the *Herald*, a democratic paper, asked Derby, a stanch whig, to occupy the editorial chair during a brief absence. He did so, changing its politics at once, and furnishing funny articles which later appeared as "Phœnixiana," and ranked him with Artemus Ward as a genuine American humorist. Here is his closing paragraph after those preposterous somersaults and daring pranks as editor *pro tem:*

"Very little news will be found in the *Herald* this week; the fact is, there never is much news in it, and it is very well that it is so; the climate here is so delightful that residents in the enjoyment of their *dolce far niente* care very little about what is going on elsewhere, and residents of other places care very little

about what is going on in San Diego, so all parties are likely to be gratified with the little paper, 'and long may it wave.'"

The present city has eighteen thousand inhabitants, twenty-three church organizations, remarkably fine schools, a handsome opera-house, broad asphalt pavements, electric lights, electric and cable cars,—a compact, well-built city, from the fine homes on the Heights to the business portion near the water.

In regard to society, I find that the "best society" is much the same all over the civilized world. Accomplished, cultured, well-bred men and women are found in every town and city in California. And distance from metropolitan privileges makes people more independent, better able to entertain themselves and their guests, more eagerly appreciative of the best in every direction.

"O city reflecting thy might from the sea,
There is grandeur and power in the future for thee,
Whose flower-broidered garments the soft billows lave,
Thy brow on the hillside, thy feet in the wave."

Many of San Diego's guests have no idea of her at her best. The majority of winter tour-

ists leave California just as Mother Nature braces up to do her best with wild-flowers, blossoming orchards, and waving grain-fields. The summers are really more enjoyable than the winters. When the Nicaragua Canal is completed it will be a pleasant trip to San Diego from any Atlantic seaport. A railroad to Phœnix, Arizona, *via* Yuma, will allow the melting, panting, gasping inhabitants of New Mexico and Arizona an opportunity to get into a delightfully cool climate.

THE INDIANS AND THE MISSION FATHERS.

As for Indians, I have never seen such Indians as Helen Hunt Jackson depicts so lovingly. I have never seen any one who has seen one. They existed in her imagination only, as did Fenimore Cooper's noble redmen of the forest solely in his fancy. Both have given us delightful novels, and we are grateful.

The repulsive stolid creatures I have seen at stations, with sullen stare, long be-vermined locks, and filthy blankets full of fleas, are possibly not a fair representation of the remnants of the race. They have been unfairly dealt

with. I am glad they can be educated and improved. They seem to need it. After reading "Ramona" and Mrs. Jackson's touching article on the "Mission Indians in California," and then looking over the opinions of honest writers of a previous generation regarding the Indians, it is more puzzling than ever. The following criticisms apply exclusively to the Southern Californian tribes.

Mr. Robinson, after a twenty years' residence among them, said: "The Indian of California is a species of monkey; he imitates and copies white men, but selects vice in preference to virtue. He is hypocritical and treacherous, never looks at any one in conversation, but has a wandering, malicious gaze. Truth is not in him."

And the next testimony is from an Indian curate: "The Indians lead a life of indolence rather than devote themselves to the enlightening of their souls with ideas of civilization and cultivation; it is repugnant to their feelings, which have become vitiated by the unrestricted customs among them. Their inclination to

possess themselves of the property of others is unbounded. Their hypocrisy when they pray is as much to be feared as their insolence when in tumultuous disorder. They are never grateful for any benefit, nor do they pardon an injury, and they never proffer civilities, unless to accomplish some interested motive. They are ready to expose themselves to the greatest danger to satisfy their predominant passions. The future from them is ever veiled by the present. Their inconstancy and want of confidence deprives them of friends, and he who by deception holds them in subjection may reduce them to almost abject slavery."

Dana, speaking of the language of the Californian Indians, described it as "brutish" and "a complete slabber."

The missionary Fathers did their best to teach and convert them, and the missions must be spoken of. So we will go back a little.

No one knows how California was so named. St. Diego was the patron saint of Spain. St. Francis, who founded the Franciscan order, was a gay young Italian, who after conversion

led a life of mortification and extreme self-denial, tramped about like a beggar, scourged himself, slept on ground, rolled in snow to subdue the flesh, fasted, wept until he was almost blind, saw visions, like all other great religious leaders, received messages directly from Christ, and was at last rewarded with the stigmata (the marks of the crucifix on his body), and commemoration after death.

Father Junipero, of this order, was appointed presiding missionary of California, and arrived July, 1769, erected a great cross on the coast, celebrated mass, and commenced his work. Like St. Francis, he was earnest, devout, pure, and self-sacrificing, blessed with wonderful magnetism. Once, while exhorting his hearers to repent, he scourged his own shoulders so unmercifully with a chain that his audience shuddered and wept; and one man, overcome by emotion, rushed to the pulpit, secured the chain, and, disrobing, flogged himself to death. This holy Father believed that he was especially protected by Heaven, and that once, when journeying on a desolate road,

he was hospitably entertained by the Holy Family.

He said, "I have placed my faith in God, and trust in His goodness to plant the standard of the holy cross not only at San Diego, but even as far as Monterey."

And this was done in less than ten years, but with many discouragements.

The first Indian who was induced to bring his baby for baptism got frightened, and dashed away, taking, however, the handsome piece of cloth which had been wrapped around the child for the ceremony.

Next there was an attack with arrows; in less than a month serious fighting followed; and later more than one thousand Indians joined in the attack. One priest was killed and all inhabitants of the mission more or less wounded, and the mission itself was burned. The present ruins are the "new" buildings on the site of the old, completed in 1784, the walls of adobe four feet thick, the doorways and windows of burnt tiles. These half-cylindrical plates of hard-burnt clay were used to

protect the inmates from the sun and the burning arrows of the Indians, and are now greatly valued as relics.

In front is the orchard of three hundred olive trees, more than a century old, still bearing a full crop, and likely to do so for centuries to come. As the Indians disliked work much, and church services more, they were encouraged in both matters by rather forcible means, as the Irishman "enticed" the pig into his pen with a pitchfork. We "tourists" who, dismounting from our carriages, view with sentimental reverence the picturesque ruins, the crumbling arches, the heavy bells now silent but mutely telling a wondrous story of the past, and tiptoe quietly through the damp interiors, gazing at pictures of saints and of hell and paradise, dropping our coins into the box at the door, and going out duly impressed to admire the architecture or the carving, or the general fine effect against the sky of fleckless blue—we picture these sable neophytes coming gladly, bowing in devout homage, delighted to learn of God and Duty, and cheerfully coöperating

with the good priests who had come so far to teach them. In 1827 the San Diego mission had within its boundaries an Indian population of 1500, 10,000 head of cattle, 17,000 sheep, and more than 1000 horses. But Mr. Robinson tells us that the Indians were dragged to service, were punished and chained if they tried to escape, and that it was not unusual to see numbers of them driven along by a leader and forced with a whip-lash into the doors of the sanctuary.

It is said that they were literally enslaved and scared into submission by dreadful pictures of hell and fear of everlasting torment. After church they would gamble, and they often lost everything, even wives and children. They were low, brutal, unintelligent, with an exceedingly limited vocabulary and an unbounded appetite. A man is as he eats, and, as some one says, "If a man eats peanuts he will think peanuts."

"There was nothing that could be swallowed and digested which the San Diego Indian would not eat. Snakes, half roasted and even

raw, were toothsome dainties. The horned toad and the lizard had favorite places at each repast. Human parasites were not refused, and mice, gophers, bats, caterpillars, worms, entrails, and even carrion, were consumed with a greed that did not stop at pounds. Hittel says that twenty-four pounds of meat in a day was not too much for a Californian Indian, and Baegart mentions the case of one native who ate seventeen water-melons at a sitting. The smoking of wild tobacco was carried on to equal excess."

The saintly Fathers deserve unlimited praise for making them accomplish so much and behave as well as they did. Those New Englanders who criticise them as severe in discipline must remember that at the same period our ancestors were persecuting Quakers and burning witches. The beautiful hospitality of these early priests should also be mentioned.

Alfred Robinson described a miracle play which he saw performed at San Diego at Christmas, in 1830, as akin to the miracle plays of mediæval Europe. The actors took the part

of Gabriel, Lucifer, shepherds, a hermit, and Bartolo, a lazy vagabond who was the clown and furnished the element of comedy: the whole interspersed with songs and incidents better adapted to the stage than to the church.

CHAPTER IV.

EN ROUTE TO LOS ANGELES.

"Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!"

ON the Surf Line from San Diego to Los Angeles, a seventy-mile run along the coast, there is so much to see, admire, and think about, that the time passes rapidly without napping or nodding. Take a chair seat on the left of car—the ocean side—and enjoy the panoramic view from the window: the broad expanse of the Pacific, its long curling breakers, the seals and porpoises tumbling about in clumsy frolics, the graceful gulls circling above them, the picturesque cañons, and the flocks of birds starting from the ground, frightened by our approach. This we watch for more than an hour; then the scene changes,

and, leaving the water, we have glimpses of wondrous carpets of wild-flowers, the golden poppy predominant, miles of brilliant green on either hand, peeps at the three missions, the groves at Orange, the town of Santa Ana, and Anaheim, the parent colony, the first of all the irrigated settlements of Southern California, now a wealthy city.

The missions are always interesting. San Juan Capistrano was seriously injured by an earthquake in 1812; the tower was shaken so severely that it toppled over during morning mass, killing thirty of the worshippers, the priests escaping through the sacristy. It was the latest and costliest of the missions. "Its broken olive mill and crumbling dove-cote, and the spacious weed-grown courts and corridors, are pathetic witnesses to the grandeur of the plans and purposes of the founders, and also of the rapidity with which nature effaces the noblest works of human hands."

But San Luis Rey is in good condition, having been restored to something of its original beauty, and recently re-dedicated. The walled

enclosures once contained fifty-six acres, six being covered by the sacred edifice, its arched colonnades, and the cloisters, in which the Fathers lived, surrounded by three thousand baptized savages. Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr quotes a stage-driver with whom she talked on the box as saying: "Ye see, ma'am, what them old padders didn't know 'bout findin' work for their subjicks and pervidin' for the saints 'n' angels, not to say therselves, wa'n't wuth knowin'. They carried on all kinds o' bizness. Meat was plenty, keepin' an' vittles was to be had at all the missions an' ranches too, jes' by settin' round. The pastures and hills was alive with horses and cattle, an' hides an' taller was their coin. They cured and stacked the hides, dug holes in stiff ground, an' run the taller into 'em; it kep' sweet until a ship laid up to Capistrano, *then that taller turned into gold.* They could load up a big ship in a single day, they had so many Indians to help." And he proceeded to tell of his own lucky find: "A lot of that holy taller was lost 'n' fergot, nobuddy knows how many years. One night I went up into the grass

beyant the mission to stake out my hosses; an' when I druv the fust stake it went way deawn, like 'twas in soft mud. I jes' yanked it up: half on 't was kivered with grease. The evening was cool, but the day had been brilin', an' now mebbe ye kin guess how I found my taller mine. 'Twas a leetle mouldy on top, but the heft on 't was hard,—a reg'lar bonanzy fer a stage-driver."

It may seem irreverent to introduce this droll fellow in sharp contrast with the beautiful ruin, full of the most cherished memories of old Spain, but reality often gives romance a hard jar. It is pleasant to know that the expelled Franciscan order has just returned to California, and that San Luis Rey is now occupied. It is worth making the trip to San Juan to see the old bells struck, as in former times, by a rope attached to the clapper. They have different tones, and how eloquently they speak to us. These missions along the coast and a line farther inland are the only real ruins that we have in America, and must be preserved, whether as a matter of sentiment or money, and in some

way protected from the vandals who think it jolly fun to lug off the old red tiles, or even the stone bowl for holy water—anything they can steal. At San Juan the plaster statues have been disgracefully mutilated by relic-hunters and thoughtless visitors. Eyes have been picked out, noses cut off, fingers carried away, and the altar-cloths everywhere have been slashed at the corners.

A society has been formed to try to save them, and one learned and enthusiastic mission lover proposes to revive the old Camino del Rey, or King's Highway. "What could not the drive from San Diego to Sonoma be made if the State once roused herself to make it? Planted and watered and owned as an illustration of forestry, why should it not also as a route of pilgrimage rank with that to Canterbury or Cologne on the Rhine? The Franciscans have given to California a nomenclature which connects them and us permanently with what was great in their contemporary history, while we preserve daily upon our lips the names of the great chiefs of their own order."

But where am I? Those mouldering walls led me into a reverie. Speaking of "ruins" reminds me of a Frenchman who called on the poet Longfellow in his old age and explained his visit in this way: "Sare, you 'ave no ruins in dis country, so I 'ave come to see you."

The cactus hedge around each mission to keep the cattle in, and possibly the hostile Indians out, must have been effective. We see now and then a little that has survived. This makes me think of a curious bird I noticed in my drives at San Diego, the roadrunner, classed with the cuckoo. It has various names, the chaparral-cock, the ground-cuckoo, the prairie-cock, paisano, and worst of all, in classic nomenclature, the *Geococcyx californianus*.

It keeps on the ground most of the time, and can run with such swiftness that it cannot be easily overtaken by horse and hounds. It has a tail longer than its body, which it bears erect. It kills beetles, toads, birds, and mice, but has a special dislike for the rattlesnake, and often meets him and beats him in fair combat. When it finds one sleeping or torpid it makes a circle

of cactus thorns around him so he cannot escape—for "future reference," as my driver said.

This thorny circle is akin to the lariat made of horsehair, the ends sticking out roughly all around, with which the Indian used to encircle himself before going to sleep, as a protection from the rattlesnake, who could not cross it. But here we are at Los Angeles. Hear the bawling cabbies: "This way for The Westminster!" "Hollenbeck Hotel!"

CHAPTER V.

LOS ANGELES AND ROUND ABOUT.

"O southland! O dreamland! with cycles of green;
O moonlight enchanted by mocking-bird's song;
Cool sea winds, fair mountains, the fruit-lands between,
The pepper tree's shade, and the sunny days long."

LOS ANGELES is the chief city of Southern California, and truly venerable in comparison with most places in the State—founded in 1781, now one hundred and twelve years old. Its full name, "Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles," "musical as a chime of bells," would hardly do in these days, and "The City of the Angels," as it is sometimes called, scarcely suits the present big business-y place, which was started by those shrewd old padres when everything west of the Alleghanies was an almost unknown region, and Chicago and St. Louis were not

thought of. These Fathers were far-sighted fellows, with a keen eye for the beautiful, sure to secure good soil, plenty of water, and fine scenery for a settlement. Next came the Hispano-American era of adobe, stage-coaches, and mule teams, now replaced by the purely American possessions, with brick, stone, vestibule trains, and all the wonders of electricity. It is now a commercial centre, a railroad terminal, with one hundred miles of street-car track within the city limits, carrying twelve million passengers yearly. It has outgrown the original grant of six miles square, and has a city limit, and the first street traversed this square diagonally. It lies on the west bank of the Los Angeles River, one of those peculiar streams which hides itself half the year only to burst forth in the spring in a most assertive manner. There are fine public buildings, fifty-seven churches, to suit all shades of religious belief, two handsome theatres, several parks, and long streets showing homes and grounds comparing favorably with the best environs of Eastern cities. It is well to drive through

Adams and Figueroa streets before you leave. There are no attractive hotels at present; but one is so greatly needed and desired that it will soon be designed and realized.

Madame de Staël was right when she said she greatly preferred meeting interesting men and women to admiring places or scenery. Among my pleasantest memories of Los Angeles are my visits to Madame Fremont in her pretty red cottage, presented by loving friends. It is a privilege to meet such a clever, versatile woman. Her conversation flashes with epigrams and pithy sayings, and her heart is almost as young as when it was captured by the dashing "Pathfinder."

I believe there are men still existing who keep up the old absurd fallacy that women are deficient in wit and humor! She would easily convert all such.

The Coronels, to whom Mrs. Jackson was so indebted and of whom she wrote so appreciatively, are still in the same home, cherishing her memory most fondly, her photograph being placed in a shrine where the sweet-faced

madame kneels daily, and her books and knick-knacks are preserved as precious souvenirs.

Don Antonio Coronel is truly a most interesting personage, the last specimen of the grand old Spanish régime. His father was the first schoolmaster in California, and the son has in his possession the first schoolbook printed on this coast, at Monterey in 1835, a small catechism; also the first book printed in California, a tiny volume dated 1833, the father having brought the type from Spain.

I was taken to the basement to see a rare collection of antiquities. In one corner is a cannon made in 1710, and brought by Junipero Serra. Ranged on shelves is a collection such as can be found nowhere else, of great value: strange stone idols, a few specimens of the famous iridescent pottery, queer ornaments, toys, and relics. In another corner see the firearms and weapons of long ago: old flint-locks, muskets, Spanish bayonets, crossbows, and spears. There are coins, laces, baskets, toys, skulls, scalps, and a sombrero with two

long red pennons, on which each feather represents a human scalp. Upstairs there are early specimens of Mexican art; one of the oldest pictures of Junipero Serra; groups in clay modelled by the Dona Mariana of Mexican scenes; feather pictures made from the plumage of gorgeous birds—too much to remember or describe here. But I do believe that if asked to say what they valued most, they would point to the little wooden table where their dear friend sat when she wrote the first pages of "Ramona."

For the stranger Los Angeles is the place to go to to see a new play, or marvel at the display of fruits seen at a citrus fair—forts made of thousands of oranges, and railroad stations and crowns of lemons, etc.—and admire a carnival of flowers, or for a day's shopping; but there are better spots in which to remain. I found the night air extremely unpleasant last winter, and after hearing from a veracious druggist, to whom I applied for a gargle, that there was an epidemic of grip in the city, and that

many died of pneumonia and that a small majority of the invalids got well, I packed my trunk hastily and started for Pasadena.

Those who live in the city and those who do not dislike raw, bracing winds from the ocean pronounce Los Angeles to be the *only* place worth living in in all Southern California. Each place has its supporters ignoring all other attractions, and absolutely opposite accounts of the weather have been seriously given me by visitors to each. For those who must be "high and dry" to improve, the rainy season is certainly unsafe.

Los Angeles is also a place to go from to the beach at Santa Monica, and Redondo, or that wondrous island, "Santa Catalina," which has been described by Mr. C. F. Holder in the *Californian* so enthusiastically that I should think the "Isle of Summer" could not receive all who would unite to share his raptures—with a climate nearer to absolute perfection than any land, so near all the conveniences of civilization, and everything else that can be desired. His first jew-fish or black sea-bass weighed

342½ pounds, and a dozen other varieties are gamy and plentiful; fine sport with the rifle in the upland region, wealth of verdure along the trail; below, good hotel, beaches, bathing, evening concerts—"the true land of sweet idleness, where one can drift around with all nature to entertain." To be strictly truthful, I must add that the hotel was built just over an old Indian burying-ground, therefore cases of typhoid fever are not unknown.

CHAPTER VI.

PASADENA.

"If there be an Elysium upon earth,
It is this, it is this."

FOR my own taste, I prefer Pasadena, the "Crown of the Valley"—nine miles from Los Angeles, but eight hundred feet higher and with much drier air, at the foot of the Sierra Madre range, in the beauteous San Gabriel Valley. Yes, Pasadena seems to me as near Eden as can be found by mortal man.

Columbus in a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella said, "I believe that if I should pass under the equator in arriving at this higher region of which I speak, I should find there a milder temperature and a diversity in the stars

and in the waters. . . . I am convinced that there is the Terrestrial Paradise."

Poor persecuted Columbus! I wish he could have once seen Pasadena, the very spot he dreamed of. Can I now write calmly, critically, judicially of what I see, enjoy, admire and wonder over? If I succeed it will be what no one else has done. I was here last year and gave my impressions then, which are only strengthened by a second visit, so that I will quote my own words, which read like the veriest gush, but are absolutely true, came straight from my heart, and, after all, didn't half tell the story.

I am fascinated and enthralled by your sun-kissed, rose-embowered, semi-tropical summer-land of Hellenic sky and hills of Hymettus, with its paradoxical antitheses: of flowers and flannels; strawberries and sealskin sacks; open fires with open windows; snow-capped mountains and orange blossoms; winter looking down upon summer—a topsy-turvy land, where you dig for your wood and climb for your coal; where water-pipes are laid above ground, with

no fear of Jack Frost, and your principal rivers flow bottom side up and invisible most of the time; where the boys climb up hill on burros and slide down hills on wheels; where the trees are green all the year, and you go outdoors in December to get warm; where squirrels live in the ground with owls for chums, while rats build in the trees, and where water runs up hill; where anything unpleasant, from a seismic disturbance to mosquitoes in March, is "exceptional" and surprising. A land where there are no seasons, but where sunshine and shade are so distinctly marked that one can be easily half baked on one side and dangerously chilled on the other.

Then the Climate—spell it with a capital, and then try to think of an adjective worthy to precede it. Glorious! Delicious! Incomparable! Paradisaical!!! To a tenderfoot straight from New Hampshire, where we have nine months of winter and three of pretty cold weather, where we have absolutely but three months that are free from frost, this seems like enchanted ground.

A climate warm, with a constant refreshing coolness in its heart; cool, with a latent vivifying warmth forever peeping out of its coat-tail pocket.

June does not define it, nor September. It has no synonym, for there is nothing like it. I am glad that I have lived to see hedges of heliotrope, of geraniums and calla-lilies. I remember, in contrast, solitary calla plants that I have nursed with care all winter in hopes of one blossom for Easter. And I do not feel sure that I can ever tear myself away. I am reminded of good old Dr. Watts, who was invited by Lady Abney to pass a fortnight at her home, and remained for forty years.

Here we all unconsciously eat the lotus in some occult fashion, are straightway bewitched and held willing captives. I have looked up the lotus, about which so much is said or sung and so little definitely known, and find it is a prickly shrub of Africa, bearing a fruit of a sweet taste, and the early Greeks knew all about its power. Homer in the Odyssey says that whoever ate of the fruit wished never to

depart nor again to see his native land. Many of Ulysses' sailors ate this fruit, and lost all desire for home.

The last letter received by me from New Hampshire, April 3d, begins in this way: "It is like the middle of winter here, good sleighing and still very cold." And then comes a sad series of announcements of sickness and deaths caused by the protracted rigors of the season. And here, at the same date, all the glories of the spring, which far exceeds our summer—Spanish breezes, Italian sky and sunsets, Alpine mountains, tropical luxuriance of vegetation, a nearly uniform climate, a big outdoor conservatory. There is no other place on earth that combines so much in the same limits. You can snowball your companions on Christmas morning on the mountain-top, pelt your lady friends with rose leaves in the foot-hills three hours later, and in another sixty minutes dip in the surf no cooler than Newport in July; and the theatre in the evening. As a bright workman said, you can freeze through and thaw out in one day.

An electric railroad will soon connect Los

Angeles with Pasadena and Mount Wilson, and a fine hotel is to be placed on the top of Echo Mountain, 3500 feet high, and this will then certainly be the ideal health and pleasure resort of the world.

Pasadena's homes, protected on three sides by mountain ranges, are surrounded by groves and gardens, trees and hedges from every clime. Everything will grow and flourish here. Capitalists from the East seem engaged in a generous rivalry to create the ideal paradise. Passion vines completely cover the arbors, roses clamber to the tops of houses and blossom by tens of thousands. I notice displays fit for a floral show in the windows of butcher shops and shoe stores. The churches are adorned with a mantle of vines and flowers.

Are there no "outs," no defects in this Pasadena? One must not forget the rainy days, the occasional "hot spells" of August and September, a wind now and then that blows off steeples and tears down fragile structures, bringing along a good deal more sand than is wanted. And every year an earthquake may be expected.

I have experienced two, and they are not agreeable.

Aside from these drawbacks and dust in summer, all else is perfection, except that the weather is so uniformly glorious that there is seldom a day when one is willing to stay at home. I feel just now like a "deestrick" schoolboy who has been "kept in" on a summer afternoon.

The wild-flowers are more fascinating to me than all those so profusely cultivated. I weary of five thousand calla-lilies in one church at Easter, and lose a little interest in roses when they bloom perennially and in such profusion that I have had enough given me in one morning to fill a wash-tub or clothes-basket!

The wealth of color on the hills and mesas in springtime can never be described or painted. The State flower, the yellow poppy with the name that would floor any spelling-match hero—the eschscholtzia—is most conspicuous, and can be seen far away at sea; but there are dozens of others, that it is better to admire and leave unplucked, as they wilt so soon. "The ground is

literally dolly-vardened with buttercups, violets, dodecatheons, gilias, nemophilas, and the like. And yet these are the mere skirmish line of the mighty invading hosts, whose uniforms surpass the kingly robes of Solomon, and whose banners of crimson and yellow and purple will soon wave on every hilltop and in every valley.

"In April and May the lover of nature may pass into the seventh heaven of botanical delight. Then in favored sections the display reaches a gorgeousness and a profusion that surpass both description and imagination."

No one can paint the grain fields as they look when the sun puts into every blade a tiny golden ray and it is no longer every-day common grain, but an enchanted carpet of living, radiant, golden green. We tourists call it grass, but there is no grass to be proud of in California.

No one can paint the sky; no one would accept it as true to nature if once caught on the canvas.

I will not attempt to describe the mountains with their many charms. I listened to a lecture

lately where a man was struggling to do this, and it was positively painful. The flowery verbiage, the accumulated adjectives, the poetical quotations were overpowering. I seemed actually sinking into luscious mellifluousness. I shook it off my fingers, as if it were maple syrup. Then, as he climbed higher and higher, on and up, never getting away from the richest verdure and the sweetest flowers, scenes for an artist to paint with rapture, and a poet to sing in ecstasy, I found myself pushing up my forehead to improvise a mansard roof for my brain to swell in sympathy. And when he reached the summit and the panorama burst upon his enraptured vision, it was too much for my strained emotions, and I quietly slipped out.

And the strangest part is that every word is true, and, say what one will, one never gets near the reality. In this respect, you see, it differs from a floral catalogue sent out in early spring, or a hotel pamphlet with illustrations.

The cable road is 3000 feet long, with a direct ascent of 1400 feet, and the Echo Mountain House will be 1500 feet higher than the

Catskill hotels overlooking the Hudson, and it is estimated that not less than 60,000 fares will be collected upon this mountain railroad the first year.

All this was designed and executed by Professor Lowe, of aeronaut fame, a scientist and banker, the inventor of water-gas and artificial ice, and a man of great business ability.

One of the best proofs of the health-giving power of this air is the fact that the physicians practising here, with one exception, came seriously ill and have not only recovered, but are strong enough to keep very busy helping others.

Pasadena has no ragged shabby outskirts; the poorer classes seem to be able to own or rent pretty little homes, some like large bird-cages, all well kept and attractive. Some gentlemen from Indianapolis came here in 1873 and started the town, planting their orange orchards under the shadows of the mountains.

Each portion has its own attractions. Orange Grove Avenue, a street over a mile long, is described by its name. Great trees stand in the centre of the street, a fine road on either

side, and the homes are embowered in flowers and palms, while hedges are made of the pomegranate, the honeysuckle, and even the heliotrope. Marengo Avenue is lined on either side by splendid specimens of the pepper, the prettiest and most graceful of all trees here. Colorado Street, with its homes and shops and churches, leads out to the foot-hills and "Altadena," which is often spoken of as recalling the handsome residences along the Riviera.

The street cars which go from the station toward the mountains bear on each the words, "This Car for the Poppy Fields," and they are a sight worth seeing. Mrs. Kellog describes this flower more perfectly than any artist could paint it: "Think of finest gold, of clearest lemon, of deepest orange on silkiest texture, just bedewed with a frost-like sheen, a silvery film, and you have a faint impression of what an eschscholtzia is. Multiply this impression by acres of waving color." And in February this may sometimes be seen. It has been well chosen for the State flower.

If consumptives must go away from the com-

forts of home, this is a haven of rest for them. In a late *Medical Record* I see that a physician deprecates the custom of sending hopeless cases to the high altitudes of Colorado, where the poor victim gasps out a few weeks or months of existence. "If such cases as the above must be sent from home, as we sometimes think here, to rid their home physicians of the annoyance of their presence, they should be sent to Florida or Southern California, where at least they may be chloroformed off into eternity by a soothing climate, and not suffer an actual shortening of their days from a climate acting on a radically different principle and entirely unsuited to them."

This is a bit of the shady side after all the sunlight. It is a place for the invalid to rejoice in, and those in robust health can find enough to do to employ all their energies.

The "Tournament of Roses" last winter was a grand success, praised by all. The "Pageant of Roses" was celebrated here lately, and I cannot give you a better idea of it than by copying the synopsis.

Imagine the opera-house trimmed inside with wreaths and festoons and bouquets of roses—a picture in itself; audience in full evening dress, each lady carrying roses, each man with a rose for a boutonnière.

The dancing in costume was exquisitely graceful, and the evolutions and figures admirably exact—no mistake, nothing amateurish about the whole performance.

PART FIRST.

Los Flores, a garden in the Crown of the Valley. Goddess Flora and her pages asleep. Harlequin, the magic spirit, enters, produces by incantation the rain and summons the maiden Spring, who rouses the Goddess and her pages. The Goddess commands the Harlequin to usher in the Pageant of Roses. Enter the Red or Colonial Roses; march and form for the reception and dance of the Ladies of the Minuet. Retire. Harlequin, at the request of the Goddess, summons the Gold of Ophirs, bearing urn as offering to the Goddess, when is performed the dance of the Orient, including solo. Curtain falls on tableau.

PART SECOND.

Same garden. Goddess on her throne, surrounded by her pages. She summons the Harlequin, who in turn brings the Roses of Castile. They bring offering of flowers to the Goddess, and perform a dance.

Goddess again summons Harlequin, who, by great effort, brings the Roses of the Snow, or the Little Girls from Boston, led by Frost Maiden. They perform a dance and retire. Both Harlequins enter, perform a dance, and command the blooming of the Pink Rose Buds. Pink Rose Buds enter without offering for the Goddess, and prevail upon the Harlequins to help them out of their difficulties. The Harlequins send Poppies for the great La France Rose Buds as an offering, and perform "The Transformation of the Rose." Rose Buds dance and are joined by the little Roses in the Snow. All dance and retire. Enter White Harlequin, who calls for the White Rose dance by the Greek maidens. They perform ceremonies and deck the altar of their Goddess, dance and retire. Curtain.

PART THIRD.

Grand march. Tableau, with falling Rose petals, in the magic cañon.

And not a word yet of The Raymond, that popular house set upon a hill that commands a view hard to equal. The house is always filled to overflowing, and this year General Wentworth tells me the business has been better than ever. This famous resort is in East Pasadena, and has its own station. It is always closed in April, just at the time when there is the most to see and enjoy, and the flowers are left to bloom unseen.

The other fine hotel here, named for its owner, Colonel Green of "August Flower" fame, is on ground eight feet higher, although by the conformation of the land it does not look so.

Many prefer to be in the town and nearer the mountains, and this house proving insufficient for its patrons, an addition four times the size of the present building is being added in semi-Moorish architecture, at a cost of $300,000.

That item shows what an experienced man of business thinks about the future of Pasadena.

The town is full of pleasant boarding-houses, as Mrs. Dexter's, Mrs. Bangs's, and Mrs. Roberts's, and many enjoy having rooms at one house and taking meals at another. You can spend as much or as little as you choose. At Mrs. Snyder's I found simple but delicious old-fashioned home-cooking at most reasonable rates.

And still more? Yes, the Public Library must be mentioned, the valuable collections I was permitted to see, the old mission of San

Gabriel three miles away, and then I shall give the next chapter to my brother, who spent a week on Mt. Wilson, and came down wonderfully benefited even by that short stay. One invalid he met there had gained four pounds in as many days. His ambition now is to open a law office up among the clouds and transact business by telephone, saying the fact that his clients could not see him would be no disadvantage.

While he is discoursing I will be studying the history of the Indian baskets and report later.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMPING ON MOUNT WILSON.

"On every height there lies repose."

AT Pasadena the mountain wall which guards the California of the South stands very near and looks down with pride upon the blooming garden below. The mountains which belong especially to Pasadena are but three miles away. Their average height exceeds slightly that of the Mt. Washington range in New Hampshire. The Sierra Madre system, of which they form a part, contains some peaks considerably higher.

Farther to the East, "Old Baldy"—Mt. San Antonio—raises its snowy summit to a height just close enough to ten thousand feet to test the veracity of its admirers. It is about ten miles from Pasadena by the eyes, but would

be twenty by the feet, if they could walk an air line.

To the south and east of "Old Baldy" is Mt. San Jacinto, 12,000 feet above the Pacific, upon which it looks, in the far distance.

The majestic mountain wall, almost bending over the homes of Pasadena, with their vines and fig trees, their roses and lilies, their orchards of orange and lemon, and the distant snow-clad peaks glittering in the gentle sunshine, combine to form a perfect picture. There are detailed descriptions from the pens of those who feel an unctuous joy in painting the lily, kalsomining the calla, and adding perfumes to the violet, the rose, and the orange.

The "Pasadena Alps" are so smeared with oleaginous gush that I had conceived against them a sort of antipathy, which was not diminished by their barren, treeless appearance.

As Nature reasserted herself, this artificial nausea wore away. I took a drive to Millard's Cañon, and was surprised at finding a charming wooded road winding up through the cañon along a mountain stream. From the end of

the carriage-road we walked half a mile to a picturesque waterfall having a sheer descent of perhaps forty feet.

This revelation inspired a drive to Eaton's Cañon, where I found similar attractions, and which led me to the new Mt. Wilson trail, or "Toll Road." I made inquiries, inspected the small but substantial mules which do the pedestrian part of the trip, went up the trail a short distance, and, after many assurances, arranged to make the ascent.

In fact, this trail is remarkably well built. It winds up the mountain by a gradual and even ascent of nine miles, the grade nowhere exceeding ten per cent. There are two camps near the summit, open all the year. You may return the same day or stay for the remainder of your life.

Take little luggage, of course: a heavy overcoat or wrap, and a small grip. In the winter the nights are cold, and clouds and rain are not unlikely to present the compliments of the season.

The mountains of California are as topsy-

turvy as its rivers. We used to learn in our physical geographies that as the traveller ascends a mountain the large trees continually give place to smaller—shrinking at last to stunted shrubs, with a summit of barren rock.

As our mules plod up Mt. Wilson, the trail at first is sandy, and the mountain's flanks a barren waste, with thin covering of cactus and chaparral. Half a mile from the starting-point appear small bushes, which grow larger as we move upward. The trail turns into a cañon, and becomes a hard, cool pathway leading up through small live-oaks and high growth of bushes. We begin to see slender pines and larger oaks. Now the trail leaves the cañon and winds out upon the open mountain-side. Here the chaparral is green and flourishing.

We wind abruptly into a cañon. Bushes of wild lilac overhang the path. The manzanita reminds one of lilies of the valley transplanted to California and growing on a bush. Down to the torrent at the bottom of the cañon, and up its steep side, are large pines and live-oaks, mountain mahogany and cedar. Near the sum-

mit we wind along a precipice where the trail is blasted from the solid rock. Even here, any one who is disposed to "look aloft" will see pine trees hanging over his head hundreds of feet above.

The summit is a forest of towering trees. On the topmost ridges are the monarchs of the mountains—oaks three and four feet, and pines four and five feet in diameter. Of course this increase in the size of timber is noticeably uniform, only where the soil and natural features of the mountains favor it. But the summit of Mt. Wilson, at least, resembles a picnic ground raised nearly six thousand feet above the sea. The air is light, dry, and exhilarating. The ground is carpeted with pine needles. Delicate wild-flowers are seen in their season. In April I found wild peas in blossom, harebells, morning-glories, poppies, and many varieties of yellow flowers. I also saw hummingbirds, butterflies, swallows, and squirrels, and here and there patches of plain white old-fashioned snow. It is a novel spectacle to see a small boy snowballing a butterfly. In the spring even dead trees are glorified with a

mantle of golden green moss. It covers the trunks of some of the living pines, making an artistic background for the deep green of their boughs.

From this upside-down mountain we look down upon rivers flowing bottom side up. And that is California.

As to the safety of the ascent, no one need hesitate who is free from settled prejudice against a side-hill. You will soon let the reins hang from the pommel of the saddle. One who chooses may jump off and walk for a change. Only, if you are at the end of the procession, be careful to keep between your mule and the foot of the mountain; otherwise he will wheel around and wend his way homeward. If toiling along near the summit, absorbed in the beauties of the prospect, it might be awkward to feel the halter jerked from your hand and to see the mule galloping around a sharp bend with your satchel, hung loosely over the pommel, bobbing violently up and down, and perhaps hurled off into space as the intelligent animal rounds the corner.

Yes, it is safe, but there is a spice of excite-

ment about it. I was nervous at first, and seeing that the mule wished to nibble such herbage as offered itself, I had thought it well to humor him. At a narrow space with sharp declivity below, the beast fixed his jaws upon a small tough bush on the upper bank. As he warmed up to the work, his hind feet worked around toward the edge of the chasm. The bush began to come out by the roots, which seemed to be without end. As the weight of the mule was thrown heavily backward, I looked forward with some apprehension to the time when the root should finally give way: I saw now that the mule had fixed his stubborn jaws upon the entrails of the mountain, and expected every instant to see other vital organs brought to light. I dared not and could not move. The root gave way, allowing the mule to fall backward, and startling him with a rattling down of stones and gravel. One foot slipped over the edge, but three stuck to the path, and the majority prevailed. After that I saw it was safer to let my faithful beast graze on the outer edge. All went well until he became absorbed in fol-

lowing downward the foliage of a bush which grew up from below. As he stretched his neck farther and farther down, I saw that he was bending his forelegs. His shoulders sank more and more. There was nothing between me and the sea-level except the mule's ears. By frantic exertions I worked myself backward, and was sliding down behind—too late. The bush broke, causing the mule to fall back forcibly against the inner bank, with myself sandwiched between the adamantine wall of the mountain and the well-shod heels of the mule. The animal, being as much scared as myself, started up the trail at a gallop. I had saved my life but lost my mule. I have no taste for overtaking runaway mules on a steep and interminable up-grade. It is a taste which must be acquired. But then, of course, the mule would turn after his first alarm and tear down to the stable. I resolved to push on in the hope of finding a wider portion of the path, or at least of meeting the animal before he had acquired uncontrollable momentum.

At the very first turn a boy appeared hurry-

ing back with my palfry. The mule had galloped on until he overtook the rest of the party, who had sent him back in haste, while they followed on as quickly as possible.

It flashed upon my mind that the mule understands his business. We imagine, egotistically, that the mule is all the time thinking about us, and that he may take umbrage at some fancied slight and leap with us down the abyss. Now the mule does not care to make the descent in that way. He is thinking about himself just like the rest of us. We are only so much freight packed upon his back.

The foregoing narrative may be exaggerated in some details, but the essential facts remain, that the mule has a healthy appetite and that he looks out for himself.

A little further on I had an opportunity to judge how a passenger would conduct himself if he should be thrown from the trail. At the point where the slope of the mountains is most abrupt, certain repairs had lately been made upon the trail, and a man was now prying large stones over the edge. They rolled and tumbled

down, taking wild leaps into the air and plunging from rock to rock. After they disappeared in the woods we could hear them crashing and clattering down the cañon. A small avalanche of broken fragments followed in their wake.

It must have been a fine sight when the blasting was first done in the side of the rocky precipice: when huge masses of rock, half as big as a house, were rent from the side of the mountain and thundered down with frightful crash, cutting off huge trees and shaking the very mountains. And now I will say again that the trail is wide and safe; the slopes on the side are seldom very steep, and the mules could not be pushed over by any available power.

Some people, in fact, prefer the old trail because it is more wild and romantic and not so well kept. The new road has enough picturesque features to satisfy me.

I remember when the valley came in sight again, after half an hour's climbing, the first objects to catch my eye were the storage reservoirs, which dot the valley and are used in irrigation. Their regular shapes and the margins

of masonry about them give them, from the mountains, the appearance of mirrors. One seemed almost directly below. Probably it was at least a hundred feet in length. In the form of a rectangle with rounded corners, it was the exact counterpart of a framed mirror. The surface was like polished glass, and trees upon the bank were reflected with beautiful distinctness.

After another half-hour's ride comes a glimpse in the other direction. Through a gap in the mountains we look for a moment behind the hills of Pasadena into the heart of the Sierra Madre. Vistas of mountain-sides are seen on either hand, one beyond the other, the long slope of one slightly overlapping that of its nearer neighbor, offering for our inspection a succession of blue tints, becoming more and more delicate in the distance till they melt into the sky.

The mules care less for visible azure than for edible verdure, and soon carried us by this picture. Far up the trail is a pretty scene upon our own mountain. Suddenly we came out of

the cool, wild forest upon a little level spot, by the spring of the mountain stream. Here is an old camp with green grass growing up about the deserted building. After a final winding journey around the steep southerly side of the mountain, came the first full view of the wild chaos of broken ranges toward the desert. Then follows a gradual shaded ascent to the camp. The world has varied panoramas of mountain scenery "set off" by the glitter of snowy peaks. In California there are many accessible summits rising from half-tropical valleys. Mountains which overlook the sea are without number. There may be in America other points from which one may look down upon a "city of homes," and a "business centre" with sixty thousand busy inhabitants. I do not know any spot apart from the mountains of Pasadena where you may put all of these in combination: From the northerly peak of Mt. Wilson to the southerly peak of Mt. Harvard is a distance by trail along the ridge of perhaps three miles, offering a variety of points of view. To the north and east you

may look down into a gorge two thousand feet beneath, from which rises on the gentle breeze the mingled voice of brawling brook and murmuring pines. Beyond is a confusion of green mountains, from which a range of white summits rises in the calm distance. Toward the south are solitary peaks with halos of fleecy cloud.

As for the prospect in the other direction, it shows at once that the way to print upon the mind a map of California's physical formation is to see it *a la* bird's-eye—as the short path to acquaintance with a great city is a vertical one —to the tower of the City Hall.

One would require but a few more well-selected stations to map out all of Southern California.

The several valleys of which Los Angeles is the commercial capital are stretched out before us like perfectly level plains, divided by ranges of hills. In the distance lies the glistening Pacific, with the blue outlines of Catalina and more distant islands etched upon the western sky. This picture is sometimes so distinct that you

find yourself trying to recognize acquaintances on the streets of Pasadena. Again everything is dreamy with haze. Another morning you may stumble out trying to rub yesterday's sunburn from your eyes, and find everything below curtained by a bank of snowy fog. As for myself, I enjoy the prospect most when I cannot see it at all—that is, at night.

There is a varied interchange of signals between the mountains and the valley. At noon the people here talk with their Pasadena friends by gleaming flashlight. Then there are the reservoirs scattered over the valley. In certain lights they are not seen at all, but in line with the sun they send up great flash signals themselves, and just after sunset they are always seen reflecting the calm twilight. An hour after sunset our camp-fire is lighted. As we stand by it, the horizon seems to have retired for the night. There is continuous sky, shading without a break into the shadows below. Gazing dreamily down, I am startled by the flashing forth of a hundred brilliant stars from what was the valley below. They disappear

for a moment and then blaze out and become a permanent constellation. These stars are too numerous to resemble any known constellation. I concluded after a little that the mighty Orion had drawn his sword and slain the Great Bear; that the lion had rashly interfered and his carcass had been dragged to that of the bear, and that the exhausted Orion had thrown himself wearily upon them to rest. And there are the Pleiades close by; with feminine curiosity they have come as near as they dared, to see what it is all about.

Those wishing a scientific explanation of these phenomena must consult the Pasadena Electric Lighting Company, except as to the stray Pleiades, which seem to have some connection with the lights of the Raymond Hotel.

But what is that dim and curious meteor slowly moving toward the spot where Los Angeles used to be? Perhaps it is the headlight which heralds the coming of the belated overland train. Suddenly I see out of the darkness beyond Pasadena the blazing forth of a majestic cross, of wavering, uneven outline, but

made up of crowded multitudes of sparkling, glittering, scintillating stars. Los Angeles has substantially the same system of street illumination as Pasadena.

You will note that I have abstained from hauling the sun above the eastern Sierras in the morning, and from tucking it under the Pacific at night. This rearrangement of ponderous constellations is all that my strength and my other engagements will permit. Those who want to know the glories of the sunset and moonlight must climb Mt. Wilson themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATCHING UP ON THE KITE-SHAPED TRACK.

NOT the kite-shaped track of new-made trotting records and pneumatic tires, but a track upon which you may pass a pleasant day riding after the iron horse.

The route extends easterly from Los Angeles to San Bernardino *via* Pasadena. Beyond San Bernardino is the "loop," which will take us twelve miles farther east to Mentone, and around an oval curve back to San Bernardino. Thence we kite down to Riverside, then southwesterly to Orange, and so up to Los Angeles. Leaving Los Angeles at 9 A.M. you may return by 4 P.M., with time for dinner at San Bernardino.

Taking the traveller back and forth across the central part of Southern California as it does, the kite-shaped trip is naturally a favorite

with tourists, and, as its "catchy" name indicates, it caters to that element of travel. One always sees also anxious and eager "prospectors" or expectant settlers, who lose no opportunity to inquire all about citrus and deciduous fruits, and prices of land and of water for irrigating the same. This excursion will show you the heart of the orange belt or belts of Southern California, especially on the northern and eastern sides of the "kite."

The schedule of trains allows of convenient stop-overs, and several may be made to advantage.

Pasadena and Riverside of course must not be passed by. A short stay at Orange or Anaheim gives an interesting glimpse of a region where orange culture is combined with that of other citrus fruits, as well as the grape and olive.

Aside from these points, the most interesting feature of the trip is the "loop" beyond San Bernardino. The town of San Bernardino is a thriving business centre. Perhaps it is on this account that its appearance from the car window is not as attractive as that of Riverside or

Pasadena, which from all points of view seem peacefully embowered in half-tropic foliage. But away from the railroads San Bernardino also has its charming residence district, with the same general characteristics as its sister towns.

Upon the "loop" a stop should be made at Redlands, an interesting spot, where the successful culture of oranges is carried on at a much higher elevation than was thought possible until a few years ago. There is never any frost there to injure the fruit. The Hotel Terracina, on the heights, has a wondrous view, and the Smiley brothers, of "Lake Mohunk" celebrity, have fine grounds and homes on Cañon Crest, and are thinking of building a hotel.

The circuit of the "loop" reminds me of roving around upon the rim of a very large and shallow spoon, tilted upward toward Mentone at the smaller end. San Bernardino is 1075 feet above the sea, and Mentone 1640 feet. At that point we have nearly climbed the foothills, and are very close to the great mountains themselves. As we skim around upon the up-

per side of the "loop," the long gradual slope from the foot of the mountains to the stream at the centre of the valley seems an ideal conformation for leading the irrigation streams from the mountains along the rows of orange trees which will soon entirely cover this valley.

Four miles from San Bernardino is the station of Arrowhead, from which we have a near view of the peak of nature which gives the place its name. It is a bare, gravelly tract on the side of the mountain, which, in contrast with the chaparral about it, takes the shape of an Indian arrowhead with a portion of the shaft attached. Covering a large area, the arrowhead is a landmark for many miles around. I could not help thinking that if a gang of Italian laborers were employed for a few days sharpening the outline of the arrowhead by cutting away bushes along the edge, and setting out others judiciously in the converted background, the effect of this interesting natural phenomenon might be much brightened. There are hot-springs at Arrowhead, and a hotel renders the varied attractions of the place available.

While we are kiting along let me tell you what I know about baskets made by the Indian women of the Pacific Coast of now and long ago, the last considered valuable and now commanding high prices. There are several experts on this subject in Pasadena—Mrs. Lowe, ex-Mayor Lukens, Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, and Mrs. Belle Jewett, who has the most precious collection of all.

Mrs. Lowe has gathered together for her Basement Museum, which any State would be proud to own, all that she could find of special interest relative to the Indians of California—clothing, headdress, weapons, medicine charms, money, beads, and of course many baskets, for baskets are as indispensable to the Indian as the reindeer to the Esquimau. They were used as cradles, caps for the head when carrying burdens, wardrobes for garments not in use, granaries on roof, sifters for pounded meal, for carrying water, and keeping it for use, for cooking, receptacles for money, plaques to gamble on, and so on. And the basket plays an important part in their legends and folk-lore.

Mrs. Lowe determined to preserve these specimens, as tourists were rapidly carrying away all they could find of such relics, and soon the State would be without proofs to tell how the Indian of the past lived and fed and fought, bought and sold, how he was dressed, and how he amused himself.

Mrs. Ellen B. Farr, an artist in Pasadena who is famous for her success in painting the pepper tree and the big yellow poppy, with its reddish orange line changing toward petal tips to pale lemon, has also devoted her skill to pictures of such baskets grouped effectually—baskets now scattered all over the world, each with its own history, its own individuality, and no duplicate, for no two baskets are ever exactly similar.

The true way to obtain these baskets is, go a-hunting for them, not buy them at stores. They are handed down for generations as heir-looms originally, never intended for sale, and with the needles used in weaving, made usually of a fine bone from a hawk's wing, and the gambling dice, are the carefully concealed family treasures. But sometimes by going yourself to

see the aged squaws, or paying one who is familiar with their ways to explore for you, you may get a rich return. Baskets are of all sizes, from the little beauties no bigger than a teacup, woven finely and adorned with beads and bits of dyed feathers, to the granaries, or the storage baskets, holding half a ton, nine feet and nine inches in circumference, three feet deep. Mrs. Jewett showed me a photograph of one of this sort, in which she sat comfortably seated with her six-foot son and his wife. This had been in use more than fifty years, and was as fine as ever. Her one hundred and twenty-eight baskets represent twenty-eight tribes. In regard to the shapes and designs, the women seem to have copied straight from nature's patterns, as seen in acorns, pine cones, seed vessels, etc., so they are truly artists.

Figures of men are sometimes woven in: those with heads on represent the victorious warriors; those decapitated depict the braves vanquished by the fighters of their special tribe. An open palm is sometimes seen; this is an emblem of peace.

Willow wands and stiff long-stemmed grasses are gathered and dried for these baskets, then woven in coils and increased as they go on, as in a crochet stitch. It often requires a deal of coaxing and good pay to secure one of these highly prized "Coras."

The women were as devoted to gambling as the men, and made flat trays for this purpose. The dice were eight acorn shells, or half-walnut shells, first daubed over inside with pitch, and then inlaid with little shells which represented money.

I saw a tray and dice purchased most adroitly from an excited gambling party, who were at the time too much intoxicated to know exactly what they were doing. After it had been paid for the owner was implored to sit down and gamble himself, hoping in this way to win more money and get back the board. It was hard to withstand their forcible appeals, but the man ran away, and was obliged to hide all night for fear of assault. Squaws would sometimes bet pieces of flesh from their arms when their money was gone, and many of them have been

seen with rows of scars on their arms for this reason. No basket can be finished by an Indian woman until she has ceased to bear children. Then her work is done.

The Japanese are famous basket-makers, but they do not far excel the best work found among these untutored workwomen.

Most curious of all is the fact that a *savant* connected with the Smithsonian Institute was amazed when examining a "buck," or man's plaque, to find it almost exactly like one he had brought from northern India—similar in weaving, size, and shading.

And a lady told me that she could make herself understood by those of a certain tribe in Mexico by speaking to them in Sicilian. Which makes me think of Joel Chandler Harris and his embarrassment, after publishing his stories of "Uncle Remus," to receive letters from learned men at home and abroad, inquiring how this legend that he had given was the same as one in India, or Egypt, or Siam.

The art of basketry is rapidly deteriorating, and will soon be lost unless Indian children in

the reservation are taught something of the old skill by their grandmothers, before the few now living depart for that happy, unmolested hunting-ground they like to believe in, where I do hope they will find a land all their own.

The Mexican drawn-work is seen everywhere for sale, and at moderate prices—so moderate that any one is foolish to waste eyesight in imitating it. Each stitch has a name, and is full of meaning to the patient maker.

One can easily spend a good deal for curios, such as plaques, cups, vases, napkin-rings, plates and toothpicks of orange wood, bark pin-cushions, cat's-eye pins, etchings of all the missions in India ink, wild-flower, fern, and moss work, and, perhaps most popular of all, the pictures on orange wood of the burro, the poppy, and pepper and oranges. Or, if interested in natural history, you can secure a horned toad, a centipede, or a tarantula, alive or dead, and "set up."

A horned toad is more easy to care for than the average baby alligator of Florida, and as a pet is not more exacting, as it can live six months without eating.

"Why do some women like horrible things for pets?

"Mother Eve set the example, and ever since serpents have been in the front rank of woman's eccentric loves. Cleopatra was fond of tigers and ferocious beasts, but she turned at last to a snake as the most fitting creature to do her bidding.

"Centuries ago the queens of Egypt made pets of horned toads, and the ugly little reptiles became things of state, and their lives more sacred than the highest ministers to the court. Daughters of the Nile worshipped crocodiles."

A very intelligent man, who has every reason to speak with authority about the tarantula as found in California, declares that it is not dangerous. He says they live in ground that has not been disturbed by the plough. Their hole in the ground is about three fourths of an inch in diameter and twelve or fourteen inches deep, with only a web over the top. Many tell us that the tarantula has a lid on the top of his house, but this is incorrect, as that belongs to the trap-door spider. It is sold, however, here

as a tarantula's nest. This creature dislikes the winter rains as much as the tourist does, and fills up the entrance of the nest in October and November, not appearing until May. The greater number are found on adobe and clay soil. Tarantulas never come out at night; the male sometimes appears just before sundown, but the female is seldom seen away from home unless disturbed. They seem to have a model family life. Mr. Wakely, who has caught more of these spiders than any living man, does not seem to dread the job in the least. One man goes ahead and places a small red flag at the opening of the nest; the next man pours down a little water, which brings Mr. T—— up to see what is the matter, and then Mr. W—— quietly secures it with a pair of pincers and puts it in a bottle, and has thus succeeded in catching hundreds, but has never had a bite. (This last line reminds me of the amateur angler.) He tells me that there seems to be a general impression that a tarantula will jump into the second-story window of a house, and, springing upon the neck of a young lady sitting

there, will kill her instantly. He has never seen one jump three inches. If one leg is broken off nature soon provides another. The Texas variety is believed to be more dangerous. I do not know.

There are rattlesnakes to be seen and heard about the mountains in hot weather.

As to buying precious stones, especially opals, in this part of the country, I think it is wisest to buy opals in the real old Mexico for yourselves, often very cheaply. The prices rise rapidly here. A water opal, however beautiful, has no commercial value. It is but an imprisoned soap-bubble, and is apt to crumble. There are stores where pretty colored stones can be bought, but the majority get cheated as to price.

But we are not paying proper attention to the "panorama." Many have been led to settle here by taking this picturesque trip; and with plenty of water oranges pay splendidly. So there is substantial wealth, ever on the increase, in these new towns.

By the way, were you ever asked to be a

"panorama"? I once had that honor. A lady came to my house one Sunday morning, and explained that her husband was dreadfully depressed over a fall in stocks or something, and she knew I could be "so amusing" if I chose, and wouldn't I get into her carriage and go with her to amuse said husband, and be a sort of panorama for the poor man? "I don't want him to be in the panorama," she said, "nor of the panorama; I want you just to be the panorama by yourself." I was forced to decline this singular appeal, glad as I should have been to cheer her dumpy spouse.

Why, oh why is it, that if persons have the slightest power of being what is vaguely called "entertaining," they are expected to be ever on duty at the call of any one who feels a desire for inexpensive diversion?

At one hotel I sat by the side of an odd old man, a retired tobacco merchant of great wealth, who was ready for conversation with all newcomers, and who seemed to feel that I was not doing my full share as an entertainer for the masses. He also had the unusual habit of

speaking his thoughts aloud, whether complimentary or otherwise, in frank soliloquy, like that absent-minded Lord Dudley whom Sydney Smith alludes to, as meeting and greeting him with effusive cordiality, and then saying, *sotto voce*, "I suppose I shall have to ask this man home to dinner."

But my friend at my elbow had very little of the *sotto* in his *voce*. He began in this way:

"Ahem! I hear you can be funny." No response from person addressed. Then to himself: "I don't much believe she can do anything—don't look like it." To me: "Well, now, if you *can* be funny, why don't you?" I could not help laughing then. "Yes, if you can, you ought to go into the parlor every night and show what you can do, and amuse us. It is your duty. Why, I told Quilletts—you know 'bout Quilletts? awfully funny feller; good company, you see—says I, 'Quilletts, I like you. Now, if you'll stay I'll give you a cottage, rent free, all summer (I've got an island home—lots of us fellers on it; great times we have); but you must agree to be funny every night, and

keep the ball a-rollin'.' Now we want you to get up and do something to entertain the guests. We want to be amused—somethin' that will set us laughin'!"

I replied: "Mr. Brushwood, I understand you are a dealer in tobacco?"

"Yes, mum; and you won't find finer tobacker anywhere in this world than what's got my name on it. Here's a picture of my store. Why, Brushwood's tobacker is known all over the United States."

"Yes? Well, when I notice you freely distributing that tobacco, bunches of your choicest brands, papers of the very best for chewing, cigarettes by the dozen, in the parlor evenings, I'll follow on just behind you, and try to amuse as a condensed circus. I'm not lacking in philanthropy. I only need to be roused by your noble example, sustained by your influence."

Brushwood looked disgusted, grunted his disapproval, backed his chair out from the table, and as he walked to the door of the dining-room many heard him mutter, "She's a queer

dick; don't amount to much, anyway; thought so when I first saw her; impudent, too!"

As the farmer remarked when he first encountered a sportsman dude, "What things a feller does meet when he hasn't got his gun!"

But the train is slowing up, and see, Judge Brown, my old friend of The Anchorage, is looking for us. No! No "Glenwood"; no "Arlington"; no "kerridge"!

CHAPTER IX.

RIVERSIDE.

"Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the golden orange grows in the deep thickets' gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heavens blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?"

YES, that describes Riverside, and reads like a prophecy. If Pasadena is a big garden with pretty homes scattered all through its shade and flowers, then Riverside is an immense orange grove, having one city-like street, with substantial business blocks and excellent stores, two banks, one in the Evans block, especially fine in all its architecture and arrangements, and the rest is devoted by the land-owners to raising oranges and making them pay. You will see flowers enough to overwhelm a Broadway florist, every sort of cereal, every fruit that grows, in prime condi-

tion for the table ten months out of the twelve. Three hundred sunny days are claimed here out of the three hundred and sixty-five. They are once in a while bothered by a frost, but that is "unusual." Before 1870 this was a dusty desert of decomposed granite. What has caused the change? Scientific irrigation and plenty of it. Or, as Grant Allen puts it, "mud." He says: "Mud is the most valuable material in the world. It is by mud we live; without it we should die. Mud is filling up the lakes. Mud created Egypt, and mud created Lombardy."

Yes, one can get rich here by turning dust into mud. It is said to be the richest town "per capita" in all California of the same size, $1100 being the average allowance for each person. This is solemnly vouched for by reliable citizens. And they have no destitute poor —a remarkable record. The city and district are said to enjoy an annual income of $1,500,000 from the fruit alone, and there is a million of unused money in the two banks.

Irrigation is better than rain, for the orange growers can turn on a shower or a stream when-

ever and wherever needed. It requires courage and faith to go straight into a desert with frowning mountains, big, little, and middle-sized, all about, and not an available drop of water, and say, "I'm going to settle right here and turn this desert into a beautiful home, and start a prosperous, wealthy city. All that this rocky, barren plain needs is water and careful cultivation, and I will give it both." That was Judge Brown's decision, and the result shows his wisdom. No one agreed with him; it was declared that colonists could not be induced to try it. But he could not relinquish the idea. He was charmed by the dry, balmy air, so different from Los Angeles. He saw the smooth plain was well adapted for irrigation, and Santa Ana could be made to furnish all the water needed. So that it is really to him we owe the pleasure of seeing these orchards, vineyards, avenues, and homes. Where once the coyote and jack-rabbit had full sway, land now sells at prices from $400 to $3000 per acre. There are no fences—at least, there is but one in all Riverside. You see everywhere fine, well-trimmed

cypress hedges with trees occasionally cut in fantastic, elaborate designs. There are many century plants about the grounds; they blossom in this climate after twelve years, and die after the tall homely flower has come to maturity. The roadsides have pretty flowers planted all along, giving a gay look, and the very weeds just now are covered with blossoms. Irrigation is carried on most scientifically, the water coming from a creek and the "cienaga," which I will explain later. There are several handsome avenues shaded with peppers, and hedges twenty feet high, through which are obtained peeps at enchanting homes; but the celebrated drive which all tourists are expected to take is that to and fro through Magnolia Avenue, twelve miles long. The name now seems illy chosen, as only a few magnolia trees were originally planted at each corner, and these have mostly died, so that the whole effect is more eucalyptical, palmy, and pepperaneous than it is magnolious. People come here "by chance the usual way," and buy because they see the chance to make money. You are told pretty

big stories of successes; the failures are not alluded to.

I saw a large and prosperous place belonging to a woman of business ability, who came out all alone, took up a government grant, ploughed and planted and irrigated, sent for a sister to help her, sold land at great prices, and is now a wealthy woman. If I had not passed through such depressing and enthusiasm-subduing experiences as an agriculturist in the East I might be tempted here. I did look with interest at the ostrich farms, and had visions of great profits from feathers, eggs, and egg-shells. But it takes a small fortune to get started in that business, as eggs are twenty dollars each, and the birds are sometimes five hundred dollars apiece. And they are subject to rheumatism and a dozen other diseases, and a blow from a kicking bird will kill one. I concluded to let that dream be unrealized. Did you ever hear of the nervous invalid who was told by his physician to buy a Barbary ostrich and imitate him exactly for three months? It was a capital story. The lazy dyspeptic was completely

cured. As a hen woman I will remark *en passant* that it is hard to raise poultry in this part of California. The climate is too exhilarating, and if the head of each chicken does not get a drop of oil at once it dies of brain disease.

Corn does not thrive. Mr. Brown at first put down ten acres to corn. It looked promising, but grew all to stalk. These stalks were over twelve feet high, but corn was of no value, so he sold the stalks for eighty dollars, and started his oranges.

The English are largely interested here, and have invested two or three millions, which will pay large interest to their grandchildren. Their long avenue is loyally named "Victoria." A thrifty Canadian crazed by the "boom," the queerest mental epidemic or delusion that ever took hold of sensible people, bought some stony land just under Rubidoux Mountain for $4000. It was possibly worth $100, but in those delirious days many did much worse. It is amazing to see what hard work and water and good taste will do for such a place. He has blasted the rocks, made fountains and cis-

terns, planted several acres of strawberries, set out hundreds of orange trees, has a beautiful garden, two pretty cottages, and some day he will get back his original price for a building site, for the view is grand.

Riverside, while leading the orange-producing section of Southern California, is not exactly the location which would have been selected by the original settlers had they possessed the experience of the producers of to-day. The oranges do not have to be washed, as in some other places; they are not injured by smut or scale; the groves are faultless in size of trees, shape, and taste of fruit. One orange presented to me weighed thirty-one ounces. But the growers, having lost $1,000,000 by Jack Frost several years ago, are obliged now to resort to the use of lighted tar-pots on cold nights to make a dense smudge to keep the temperature above the danger line. One man uses petroleum in hundred-gallon casks, one for each acre, from which two pipes run along between the rows of trees, with half a dozen elbows twenty feet apart, over which are

flat sheet-iron pans, into which the oil spatters as it vaporizes. An intensely hot flame keeps off the frost. This I do not hear spoken of at Riverside; you must go to a rival for any disagreeable information. At Pasadena their severe winds are called "Riversiders"; at Anaheim they are "Santa Anas"; and friends write me from damp Los Angeles to the dry air of Riverside, "How can you stay in that 'damp' place?" The inhabitants of Riverside do not concede that Pasadena is a place for orange growers. At Redlands, luckily above frost terrors, the terrible losses at Riverside from that trouble are profusely narrated. San Diego gets its share of humorous belittlement from all. You hear the story quoted of the shrewd Chinee who went to that city to look for business, where one hears much of future developments, but did not settle, saying, "It has too muchee bymbye." Friends, and especially hotel proprietors, exclaim in disgusted astonishment, "What! going to Riverside? Why, there's nothing there but oranges."

I find more: fine and charming drives, scen-

ery that differs from that of Pasadena, "that poem of nature set to music beneath the swaying rhythm of the pine forests of the lofty Sierra Madres," but is equally enjoyable and admirable.

Still, above all, and permeating every other interest, is the *orange*. As to dampness, a physician threatened with consumption, and naturally desirous of finding the driest air, began while at Coronado Beach a simple but sure test for comparative degrees of "humidity" by just hanging a woolen stocking out of his window at night. At that place it was wet all through, quite moist at Los Angeles, very much less so at Pasadena, dry as a bone or red herring or an old-fashioned sermon at Riverside. Stockings will tell! (From April to September is really the best time to visit Coronado.) I experienced a very sudden change from a warm, delightful morning to an afternoon so penetrating by cold that I really suffered during a drive, although encased in the heaviest of Jaeger flannels, a woolen dress, and a heavy wrap. I thought of the rough buffalo coat my uncle, a doctor, used

to put on when called out on a winter night in New Hampshire, and wished I was enveloped in something like it, with a heated freestone for feet and a hot potato for each hand. If I can make my readers understand that these sudden changes make flannels necessary, and that one needs to be as careful here as in Canada as regards catching cold from night air and these unexpected rigors, I shall feel, as the old writers used to say, "that I have not written entirely in vain."

In one day you can sit under the trees in a thin dress and be too warm if the sun is at its best, and then be half frozen two hours later if the wind is in earnest and the sun has retired. In the sun, Paradise; in shade, protect yourself!

CHAPTER X.

A LESSON ON THE TRAIN.

"The Schoolmistress Abroad."

ALL through Southern California I hear words of whose meaning I have no idea until they are explained. For instance, a friend wrote from San Diego in February: "Do not longer delay your coming; the mesas are already bright with wild-flowers." A mesa is a plateau, or upland, or high plain. And then there are fifty words in common use retained from the Spanish rule that really need a glossary. As, arroyo, a brook or creek; and arroyo seco, a dry creek or bed of extinct river.

Alameda, an avenue.

Alamitos, little cotton-wood.

Alamo, the cotton-wood; in Spain, the poplar.

Alma, soul.

That is all I have learned in A's. Then for B's.

I asked at Riverside what name they had for a big, big rock that rose right out of the plain, and was told it was a "butte." That gave a meaning to Butte City, and was another lesson.

Banos means baths, and barranca is a small ravine.

Then, if we go on alphabetically, cajon, pronounced *cahone*, is a box.

Calaveras, skull.

Campo, plain.

Cienaga, a marshy place.

Campo sancto, cemetery.

Canyon or cañon, gulch.

Cruz, cross.

Colorado, red.

Some of the Spanish words are so musical it is a pleasure to repeat them aloud; as:

Ensenada, bright.

Escondido, hidden.

Fresno means ash.

I inquired the meaning of "Los Gatos," and

was kindly informed it was "The Gates," but it really is "The Cats."

Goleta, the name of another town, means schooner.

The Spanish *j* nearly always has the sound of *h*.

Jacinto, Hyacinth.

José, Joseph.

Lago is lake; pond, laguna; and for a little lake the pretty name lagunita. "Lagunita Rancho" is the name of an immense fruit ranch in Vacaville—and, by the way, vaca is cow.

Madre is mother; nevada, snowy.

San Luis Obispo is San Luis the Bishop.

El Paso is The Pass.

Pueblo, a town.

Pinola is parched corn ground fine between stones, eaten with milk.

Pinoche, chopped English walnuts cooked in brown sugar—a nice candy.

Rancho, a farm; and rio, river.

Everything is a ranch out here; the word in the minds of many stands for home. A little four-year-old boy was overheard praying the other day that when he died the Lord would take him to His ranch.

Sacramento is the sacrament.

Sierra, saw-toothed; an earthquake is a temblor.

San and Santa, the masculine and feminine form of saint.

As the men who laid out a part of New York evidently travelled with a classical dictionary, and named the towns from that, as Rome, Syracuse, Palmyra, Utica, so the devout Spanish explorer named the places where he halted by the name of the saint whose name was on the church calendar for that day. And we have San Diego (St. James), San Juan (St. John), San Luis, San José, San Pedro, Santa Inez, Santa Maria, Santa Clara, and, best of all, Santa Barbara, to which town we are now going.

The Mexican dialect furnishes words which

are now permanently incorporated in our common speech; as:

Adobe, sun-dried brick.

Cañon, gorge.

Tules, rush or water-weed. (Bret Harte's *Apostle of the Tules.*)

Bonanza, originally *fair weather at sea*, now *good fortune in mining.*

Fandango, dance of the people.

Corral, a place to collect stock. (A farmer of the West never says cow-pen, or barn-yard, or farmyard, but corral.)

Cascarones, egg-shells filled with finely cut gold or silver paper, or perfumes, broken on head of young man, in friendly banter or challenge to a dance.

Burro, small kind of donkey.

Broncho, wild, untamed animal.

Sombrero, hat.

Rebozo, scarf.

Serape, blanket.

Lariat, rawhide rope.

Hacienda, estate.

While we are rattling along there is so little to see until we reach the ocean, that we may as well be recalling a few more facts worth knowing. At Riverside I learned that the leaf of the orange tree was larger when it first came out than later. It grows smaller as it matures. And most people say that the fig tree has no blossom, the fruit coming right out of the branch. But there is a blossom, and you have to cut the fruit open to find it. Just split a young fig in two and notice the perfect blossom in the centre.

They say it takes two Eastern men to believe a Californian, but it only takes one Eastern woman to tell true stories which do seem almost too big for belief. One man got lost in a mustard field, and he was on horseback too.

I saw at San Diego a tomato vine only eight months old, which was nineteen feet high and twenty-five feet wide, and loaded full of fruit in January. A man picking the tomatoes on a stepladder added to the effect. And a Gold of Ophir rose-bush at Pasadena which had 200,000 blossoms. This is vouched for by its own-

er, a retired missionary, who cannot be doubted. There are truly true pumpkins that weigh 256 pounds and are seven feet in circumference; cucumbers seven feet long; seven beets weighed 500 pounds; three bites to a strawberry; and the eucalyptus shoots often grow twenty feet the first year, carrying with them in their rapid ascension the stakes to which they were tied. All this is true. But here are two stories which may be doubtful, just to show what anecdotes are current in California. "A man was on top of a California pumpkin chopping off a piece with an axe, when it dropped in. He pulled up his ladder and put it down on the inside to look for it. While groping about he met a man, who exclaimed, 'Hello! What are you doing here?' 'Looking for my axe.' 'Gosh! you might as well give that up. I lost my horse and cart in here three days ago, and haven't found 'em yet!' "

"A farmer raised one thousand bushels of popcorn and stored it in a barn. The barn caught fire, and the corn began to pop and filled a ten-acre field. An old mare in a neigh-

boring pasture had defective eyesight, saw the corn, thought it was snow, and lay down and froze to death."

As to serious farming, and how it pays in this part of the State, I have clipped several paragraphs from the papers, and will give three as samples of the whole. I desire also to communicate the cheerful news that there are no potato bugs to make life seem too hard to bear.

"RAISED ON TWENTY ACRES.

"How much land do I need in California? is a question often asked. The answer is readily made: as much as you can profitably and economically work. A gentleman has made the following exhibit in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce: 'Raised on twenty acres of ground, 2500 boxes of oranges, 1500 boxes of lemons, 37,000 pounds of grapes, 2000 pounds of pears, 35,000 pounds of apples, 15,000 pounds of berries, black and red, 1000 pounds of English walnuts. Besides nectarines, apricots, plums, three crops of potatoes, 500 pounds of crab-apples, and one acre of alfalfa kept for

cows, and flowers of different varieties. These oranges are worth on the trees $3500, the lemons $3000, the grapes $370, pears $30, apples $75, berries $30, walnuts $80. The total will be $7085, and all the products not counted. That surely is more than the crops of a half section in Kansas or Illinois will sell for.' Every one may not do as well, but they can approach it, and if they do, twenty acres is quite enough."

"PROFITS OF BERRY CULTURE.

"Speaking of the profits of growing strawberries in Southern California, the Covina *Argus* gives some interesting facts and figures. That paper says: 'One of the growers stated to us that last year he picked and shipped from three acres the enormous amount of fourteen tons. These berries brought as high as fifteen cents and as low as four cents per pound, but netted an average of about eight cents per pound, or $2240. That would make an acre of berries produce a cash return of $746.66⅔, which, considering the shortness of the berry

season, from four to five months, is a pretty good income on the money invested.'"

"PROFIT IN ALMONDS.

"M. Treat, an authority on almond culture, has contributed the following to the Woodland *Mail:* 'This year from 190 California paper-shell almond trees (five years old), covering two and five-sevenths acres, I gathered 3502 pounds of nuts, which sold in Chicago at twenty-two cents a pound. This is $316.82 to the acre—a little over $4 to the tree—18½ pounds to the tree. When these same trees were four years old they averaged about three pounds, and in eight years they will double what they bore at five. They will at eight years bear full 40 pounds to the tree. At twelve years they will bear fully 100 pounds to the tree without the least exertion. This is at seventy trees to the acre, and reckoning at twenty-two cents to the pound, $1540 per acre. Now these are nothing but plain, bare, raw facts.

"'Almond trees live and do well for fifty years, and in some places in Europe when fif-

teen years old bear from 150 to 200 pounds per tree.'"

At Saugus Junction Mr. Tolfree has established one of his famous restaurants, where I can conscientiously urge you to get out and dine. Every course is delicious.

Ventura County is partially devoted to the culture of Beans. I use a capital because Beans represent Culture, or are associated with it in one State at least, and the very meaning of the word is property, money, from the French *biens*—goods. I wonder how many of my Boston friends knew that! I did not until a friend showed it to me in Brewer's phrase-book, where I also learned that beans played an important part in the politics of the Greeks, being used in voting by ballot. I always had a liking for beans, but I have a profound respect for them since viewing the largest Lima Bean Ranch in the world, belonging to my friend Mr. D. W. Thompson, of Santa Barbara. There are 2500 acres of rich land, level as a house floor, bounded by a line of trees on one side and the ocean on

the other; 1600 acres are planted to beans, and the profits are nearly $60,000 yearly. Thirty-six tons of beans were used this year in planting. This could not be done in the East, but beans do not need to be "poled" here, as, influenced by the dreamy atmosphere, they show no desire to climb, but just lie lazily along the ground. Still, there is a deal of work connected with the business. Dairying, building, horse-shoeing, repairing of machinery, are all done on the place. "As soon as the spring rains are over, eleven gang ploughs, four ploughs to a gang, each gang drawn by six horses, plough about seven acres per day." Then the harrowing and planting in the same big way. During the entire summer these vines grow without a drop of water, freshened daily by the heavy sea fogs. Harvesting and threshing all done by machinery. The steam thresher would amaze some of our overworked, land-poor farmers. About one hundred and twenty carloads of beans are annually shipped from this ranch, reserving the tons needed for seed.

And all along the way fine ranches are seen,

where beans are seen growing alone, or planted between the long even rows of fruit trees. Mr. Thompson also owns a large hog ranch. But dear me! We are now skirting the beautiful ocean curve which leads to the "Channel City" —so near the beach that the waves almost touch the rails and the dash of the surf seems under the cars. See how fine a situation! The coast line taking a sudden and most fortunate turn, the trend of mountain range and plain land is east and west, instead of north and south. Sheltered by mountains and mesas, and nestled in the green foot-hills, with the ocean breeze tempered by a chain of islands, making a serene harbor, Santa Barbara has much to make it the rival of San Diego and Pasadena. Pork and beans must now give way to legend and romance, martyred virgin, holy monks, untutored "neophytes," handsome Castilians, dashing Mexicans, energetic pioneers, the old Spanish, the imported Chinese, the eastern element now thoroughly at home, and the inevitable, ubiquitous invalid, globe-trotter, and hotel habitué— each type or stratum as distinctly marked as in

a pousse café, or jelly cake. What a comparison! I ask Santa Barbara's pardon, and beg not to be struck with lightning, or destroyed by gunpowder.—"*Yes, to the Arlington.*"

CHAPTER XI.

SANTA BARBARA.

"Saints will aid if men will call,
For the blue sky bends o'er all."

SWEET sixteen and an "awful dad." Santa Barbara and Dioscurus. Such a cruel story, and so varied in version that the student of sacred legend gets decidedly puzzled. The fair-haired daughter was advised secretly by Origen, who sent a pupil disguised as a physician to instruct her in the Christian faith. She insisted on putting three windows instead of two into the bathroom of the tower to which her father sent her, either to prevent her from marrying or to imprison her until she would wed one of the many gay young suitors. These three windows showed her belief in the Trinity, which she could not have learned from Origen, as among Christians he was regarded

as heretical, and his followers were Unitarians and Universalists combined, adding the cheerful theory of the "second opportunity" and that all punishment from sin would have an end, yet clinging to the old pagan mythology and believing that sun, moon, stars, and the ocean all had souls—a "Neo-Platonist."

Refusing to recant, Barbara was arraigned and condemned to death. Her energetic paternal evidently had heard the maxim, "If you want anything done, do it yourself." His heavy blows fell soft as feathers. She seemed in sweet slumber. So he drew his sword, cut off her head, and was instantly killed by lightning from Heaven. Thus ends the history of two "Early Fathers."

But sweet St. Barbara will never be forgotten. She is the patroness of artillery soldiers, and protects from lightning and sudden death. In the many pictures where she appears she carries a feather, or the martyr's sword and palm, or a book; and the three windows are often seen. She is the only Santa who bears the cup and wafer.

The appreciative Spaniards honored her memory by bestowing her pretty name on the choicest spot of the coast, a belt of land seventy miles long and thirty-five wide, from Point Concepcion to Buena Ventura. No one can dare to doubt this tragic tale, for Barbara's head may still be seen preserved as a relic in the temple of All Saints at Rome. I do not want to be too severe in my estimate of the Roman noble, Dioscurus. An old lady who never spoke ill of any one, when called upon to say something good of the devil, said, "We might all imitate his persistence;" and this impulsive demon was certainly a creature who, if he had an unpleasant duty confronting him, attended to it himself.

The first navigator who landed on the coast of Santa Barbara, or on one of the four islands, was Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, in 1542. He is buried on San Miguel (pronounced *Magell*). The Indians (and the entire Indian population at that time amounted to 22,000) were exceedingly glad to welcome the strangers, much better behaved than those found at San Diego,

who stripped the clothing from those too ill to defend themselves. Perhaps a reason for this superiority may be found in the fact that these tribes were entirely naked, and had no desire for any conventional covering. They serenaded their new friends so loudly that sleep or rest was impossible, and offered their most delicious food and free use of canoes. They ate seeds, fruit, fish, locusts; hunted rabbit, hare, and deer; dried the meat of the latter on trees; placed acorns in a sieve basket, rinsed and boiled them. As every race is unhappy without an intoxicating drink and something to chew or smoke, they extracted a bitter beverage from a certain seed, and used a root in place of tobacco.

These Channel Indians let their hair grow so long that they could make braids and fasten them round the face with stone rings. The visitors spoke of the "Island of the Bearded People." They had substantial brush huts, supported by pillars bearing inscriptions supposed to allude to their religion, and they enjoyed dancing to the music of bone flutes. For

gifts, they most desired red calico and chocolate.

Cabrillo's men found a primitive temple on one of the islands, and in it an unknown god or idol. One of the eight original tribes had a form of worship strongly resembling a Turkish bath. The men sat round a hot fire until drenched in perspiration; then plunged into a pool of cold water. The women were not permitted to be devout in this "cleanliness next to godliness" manner. It was a luxury and prerogative the noble braves wanted entirely for themselves. (We see something similar in our own progressive, enlightened churches, where women are expected to provide and pack clothing for missionary boxes, attend unfailingly on the stated means of grace, visit and nurse the sick and poor members, deny themselves for charity, listen reverently to stupid discourses on the unknown, delivered with profound certainty that approaches omniscience, but are not allowed to "speak out in meetin'," or to have the honor of being represented by women delegates at denominational conventions, or clubs

and councils. They are to lead heavenward, but earthly pleasures and honors are strictly "reserved"! About the same, isn't it?)

When Father Junipero Serra reached Santa Barbara on his mission-starting pilgrimage, he sent for Mexican artisans, who taught his converts all the industrial arts. They were taught to support themselves, then a piece of ground was parcelled out to each, with a yoke of oxen and farming utensils. Serra formed eleven missions; ten were added later. He built the great aqueduct which is still used in Santa Barbara. All honor to his memory! "There lingers around Santa Barbara more of the aroma and romance of a bygone civilization, when the worthy Padres set an example of practical Christianity to the Indian aborigines that we would do well to emulate, than is found elsewhere in the State."

In the good old days a person could travel from San Diego to San Francisco and not expend one shilling. The Mission Fathers would furnish saddle, horse, or a comfortable bed, meals, and the Spanish host would leave in the

guest-chamber a small heap of silver covered by a cloth, and the stranger, if needy, was expected to take some of it to supply his wants.

Would you like to see a specimen of the Indian dialect used by the "Bearded People"? I can count to five in the Siujtu language—or, at least, I don't care to go much further: paca, sco, masa, scu, itapaca; twenty is sco-quealisco; and to-morrow, huanahuit.

The islands are now only occupied by flocks of sheep, sheared twice a year, and paying their owners a good profit; $100,000 one year from Santa Rosa alone. The wool gets full of seed, and it is not the finest quality, but this is counterbalanced by the quantity.

Many large abalone shells are found on San Miguel. They are pried off with a crow-bar, the shells are polished for sale, made into buttons, etc., and the meat is dried and sent to China, where it is ground and made into soup. It has been used here, and pronounced by some to be equal to terrapin, and by others to closely resemble leather.

These islands are always a delight to look

upon. As the state of the atmosphere varies they seem near or far away, clearly defined, or with a hazy outline. But in sunlight or shadow, mist or mirage, they are ever beautiful. Within the peaceful channel ships are safe while a wind storm rages just beyond. The government sends big war-ships here for a trial of speed. None of these islands are now desirable for residence. There is no natural supply of fresh water, and the sheep rely on the moisture left by the heavy fogs, and on a certain plant which holds water in its cup-like blossom. I hear that at Catalina the goats, deprived of their natural pabulum of hoop-skirts, tomato cans, and old shoes, feed on clover and drink the dew.

That's what this climate does for a goat. I do not dare to make many statements in regard to novelties in natural history since one poor woman poetized upon the coyote "howling" in the desert, and roused hundreds of critics to deny that coyotes ever howled. And a scientific student came to Santa Barbara not so long ago, and found on one of these islands a species

of tailless fox, and hastened to communicate the interesting anomaly to the Smithsonian Institute. It seems that the otter hunters trapped these foxes for their tails, then let them go.

If it were not for these blunders I would state that roosters seem to keep awake most of the night in Southern California, and can be heard crowing at most irregular hours. Considering the risks, I refrain.

The islands were named by a pious priest, who made the map; and those we see in looking out from Santa Barbara are San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Ana, Capa. San Nicholas Island is interesting as having been the abode for sixteen years of a solitary Indian woman, a feminine Robinson Crusoe, without even a Friday, who was left by mistake when the rest of the Indians were carried away by order of the Mission Fathers. Two of the men who at last succeeded in finding her gave their testimony, which has been preserved; and one of them, Charlie Brown, is still alive, and likes to tell the strange story. It seems she had run back to get her child, and the ship went off

without her. Nidever tells his story in this way:

"We scattered off two or three hundred yards apart. She had a little house made of brush and had a fire; she was sitting by the fire with a little knife; she was working with it. She had a bone; all came up and looked at her; she had a heap of roots—that is what she lived on—and had little sacks to carry them in. As soon as we sat down she put a lump of them to roast on the fire. Finally we got ready to go, and we made signs for her to come with us. She understood the signs for her to come with us; she picked up her things to take them on board."

She had a dress made of duck skins, sewed together with the sinews of a seal, with needles made of bone—an eye drilled through. This dress the priests sent to Rome.

The demijohn in which she carried water was made out of rushes and stopped with asphaltum. She was making one of these water bottles. She heated small round stones in the fire and put them in the asphaltum, and then lined the

bottle, making it tight. She had no matches, of course, nor even a tinder-box, but started fire by rubbing two sticks together.

She said her child was eaten up by wolves. None of the Indians understood her dialect; finally one woman was found who could talk to her a little, who had been raised on the same island. The woman was found in 1853. She seemed happy and contented, and would go round to different houses and dance the Indian dances. She was a great curiosity; twenty or thirty would go along with her. Many who were sailing by would stop just to see her.

The other hunters had noticed small human tracks, but never could see any one. At last several men were scattered all over the island, and Charlie Brown was the first to discover her. He thought at first it was only a black crow sitting on a whalebone. I give his version, as his language is far more picturesque and vivid than my paraphrase would be. He says:

"She had built a brush fence about two feet high to break the wind. The sun was coming in her face. She was skinning a seal. The

dog when he noticed me he began to growl. I thought if she should run. I stepped right round her, and she bowed as if she knew me before, and when the Indians came up they all kneeled down, and when she saw there was some of her color, she held out some of her food and offered all some.

"I took her by the shoulder, and I said, '*Varmoose*,' and she understood at once. I took everything she had, and she took a big seal head in basket. We all had something to carry. Then she had a little brand of fire, and she took that away and wobbled along with a strange kind of a step like until we came to a watering-place about fifty feet down the bank, and they all went down there and she went too, and she sat down there and we watched to see what she would do, and she washed herself over; her hair was all rotting away, a kind of bleached by the sun, and we got to the vessel and she kneeled down, and we had a stove right on deck and she crawled to the stove and we gave her a piece of biscuit and she ate like a good fellow. It came on to blow; old man

Nidever had some bed-ticking. I made her a dress, and gave her a man's shirt. She was tickled to death. If I was where she was she would hold up her dress and point that I made it."

He was asked how she happened to be left, repeated Nidever's story, and added: "She found they were all gone, and commenced to hollo. No answer, and hunted round and saw the tracks and found they went to lower part of the island. When she got there found the vessel going away, and she called, 'Mancya-vina,' but it never came. She put her head on the ground and laid on the ground and cried, and they never came.

"The priest here had all the Indians in Santa Barbara and Santa Inez to see if they understood her. They could understand some words, but not all. She got baptized, and they made her a Christian and everything. A steamer came up from below; the captain offered to take her up and show her, but old man Nidever would not agree. She died; they gave her green corn and melons, and they were too much

for her. She made knives of bone and wood, and had pointed nails for catching fish. She had ropes nicely twisted with sinews, twisted as true as any rope-maker could make, and had bottles made of grass, and dishes of wood with handles; she put the feathers next her skin to keep warm."

I will only add that wild dogs were numerous, and she tamed them for friends. The priests called her Juana Maria, and I think the name of the island should be changed in her honor. I doubt if Santa Barbara herself could have done as well under similar circumstances.

CHAPTER XII.

HER CITY AND COUNTY.

"Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes and citrons and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes."

IN walking through the streets of Santa Barbara you may still see the various types, but not so clearly defined as of old. Holy Fathers still intone the service within the massive mission walls; they still cultivate the large garden, from which woman is sedulously excluded. But the faces are German and Irish. At a street corner two men are talking earnestly, and as you pass you get a glance from Mexican eyes, dark and soft, but the hair shows Indian blood. A real old Mexican vaquero rides by in the genuine outfit, well worn and showing long use; next a carriage full of fashionable visitors; then a queerer combination

than the Anglomaniac with his trousers legs turned up if the cable reports a rainy day in London. This is the American vaquero—usually a short, fat man with dumpy legs, who dons a flapping sombrero, buys a new Mexican saddle, wooden stirrups, and leather riata, sometimes adding a coil of rope at left side, wears the botas with a corduroy suit at dinner at hotel, and doesn't know at all how comical an appearance he presents. The very next to pass is one of the pioneers, who, although worth a million or more, puts on no style, and surveys the mongrel in front with a twinkle in his eye. Every one should own a horse or pony or burro here, for the various drives are the greatest charm of the place. Through all Southern California the happy children ride to school, where the steeds, fastened to fence in front of building, wait patiently in line, like Mary's lamb. But in Santa Barbara you see mere tots on horseback, who look as if it were no new accomplishment. I believe the mothers put them on gentle ponies to be cared for, or safe, as mothers in general use the cradle or high-chair.

One of the old Mexican residents of Santa Barbara, when over eighty years of age, had the misfortune to break his leg. He lay in bed uneasily until a surgeon could be summoned and the fractured bones set and duly encased in plaster. He then insisted on being carried out and placed upon his favorite horse, where he sat during each day with patient serenity until the damage was repaired by nature.

The drives are all delightful. You cannot make a mistake; there are twenty-eight drives distinct and beautiful. Those best known are, to the Mission Cañon, to the Lighthouse, to Montecito and Carpenteria, Cooper's Ranch, through the far-famed Ojai Valley, and the stage or coaching trip to San Luis Obispo, not forgetting La Vina Grande (the big grapevine), the trunk eighteen inches in diameter, foliage covering 10,000 square feet, producing in one year 12,000 pounds of grapes; and the Cathedral Oaks. I jotted down a few facts at the Lighthouse *a la* Jingle in *Pickwick Papers:* gleaming white tower, black lantern, rising from neat white cottage, green window-shutters, light

180 feet above sea-level, fine view from balcony, fields of young barley down to water's edge, bluest blue in sea and sky, the lamp holds only one quart of oil, reflectors do big business, considering, throwing the light 417 miles.

The keeper, a woman, has been there over thirty years, never goes away for a single night, trim, quaint, and decided, doesn't want to be written up, will oblige her, don't believe a woman ever did so much good with a quart of kerosene daily before. Been a widow a long time, heard of one woman, wife of lighthouse-keeper, he died, she too stout to be gotten out of the one room, next incumbent married her.

Montecito, as Roe described it, is a village of charming gardens and green lawns, with a softer climate even than Santa Barbara—a most desirable situation for an elegant country retreat. I had the privilege of visiting the home of Mr. W. P. Gould, a former resident of Boston, who has one of the most perfect places I have ever seen. He has been experimenting this year with olive oil in one room of his large house for curing lemons, and has perfected a

machine which expresses the "virgin oil" without cracking a single pit or stone. This is a great improvement, as one crushed stone will give an acrid taste to a quart of oil. There is a fashion in fruits as much as in bonnets or sleeves. Olive culture is just now the fad. Pears, prunes, almonds, walnuts, have each had their day, or their special boom. Pomona is headquarters for the olive industry. Nursery men there sold over 500,000 trees last year. The tree does not require the richest soil. Hon. Elwood Cooper's olive oil is justly famous, but the machinery designed by Mr. Gould makes a much purer oil, pronounced by connoisseurs to be the finest in the world. The olives are sun-dried; the ponderous rollers and keen knives of the masher mash the fruit, and every after-process is the perfection of cleanliness and skill. There is a nutty sweetness about this oil, and a clear amber color, which makes it most desirable for the fastidious invalid.

This new process has been purchased by a company who are going to try to give the country what it has never known before—pure olive

oil, free from a bit of the stone. No pure oil is brought to our country. The public think the price too high; they prefer to buy cotton-seed oil at thirty-five cents a gallon, and this is adulterated with peanuts, sunflowers, and so on. This will do for the masses, but the best is none too good if it can be found.

Few appreciate the medicinal value of olive oil. Nations making use regularly of this and the fruit are freed from dyspepsia. A free use in the United States would round out Brother Jonathan's angular spareness of form, and make him less nervous and less like the typical Yankee of whom the witty Grace Greenwood said: "He looks as if the Lord had made him and then pinched him." One does not see the orange groves here, but the lemon trees and walnuts and olives are an agreeable change—just for a change.

"Who ever thinks of connecting such a commonplace article of diet as the lemon with the romantic history of ill-fated Anne Boleyn? Yet, indirectly, she was the cause of its first introduction into England, and so into popular no-

tice. Henry VIII., who, if he rid himself of his wives like a brute, certainly won them like a prince, gave such splendid feasts and pageants in honor of the coronation of Anne and of their previous nuptials as had seldom been accorded to queens of the royal blood. These kingly entertainments were in turn followed by the great civic feast of London, for which the whole world was searched for delicacies to add to the splendor. At one such banquet, graced by the presence of the royal pair, a lemon was introduced as an elegant novelty. To an epicure such as Henry, the acquisition of a castle in France would have proved less acceptable, and such was the importance attached to the discovery—so says an old biographer—that a special record was made of the fact that the cost of this precious lemon was six silver pennies."

We hear nothing of irrigation, but almost everything will thrive without it. The soil grows well all varieties of fruits found in the Eastern and New England States, besides all the semi-tropical fruits, as guavas, loquats, per-

simmons, dates, etc. As the Rev. Mr. Jackson says: "Could it be shown that the primitive Eden bore as many fruits pleasant to the taste, it would add a new pang to the thought of original sin."

The number of native trees seems small, but trees have been naturalized here from every part of the world. The pepper tree is from Peru, also the quinine tree: from Chili, the monkey tree and the Norfolk Island pine.

Mr. Cooper imported the eucalyptus from Australia. It grows rapidly, and is planted for windbreaks. It is used for firewood, and when cut down nearly to the ground will start up with the same old courage and ambition. Its roots are so eager for water that they make long detours, sometimes even climbing up and down a stone wall, if it is in their route, or into a well. From the same country comes the acacia, the rubber tree, and a large number of shrubs. New Zealand contributes her share, and to China and Japan they are indebted for the camphor tree, the gingko, the loquat, and the chestnuts. To South Africa they are indebted

for the silver tree, and from the northern part of that country the date-palm and the tamarind.

One sees side by side here, and in Pasadena, trees from almost opposite climes: the New England elm and a cork tree, a cedar of Lebanon and a maple or an English oak. Then the glorious palm—twenty-two varieties in Montecito Valley alone.

Sydney Smith said of the fertility of Australia, "Tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest." But in California even the hoe is not needed, for "volunteer crops" come up all by themselves, and look better than ours so carefully cultivated. They say that if a Chinaman eats a watermelon under a tree the result is a fine crop of melons next year. And I read of a volunteer tomato plant ploughed down twice that measured twelve feet square, and bore thousands of small red tomatoes.

Alfalfa is an ever-growing crop—can be garnered five times each year.

And as for flowers, I really cannot attempt to enumerate or describe in detail. There are hundreds of varieties of roses. They were

found growing wild by myriads, and have been most carefully cultivated and improved. One rose tree in the grounds of the Arlington Hotel has spread over sixty feet of the veranda, and three lady guests have climbed into its branches at once. As one man said: "The roses here would climb to the moon if a trellis could be provided."

A friend sent me twenty-five large bunches of the choicest roses from her garden one morning in April, each bunch a different variety. Their roses are shipped in large quantities to San Francisco, and Chicago has her churches decorated at Easter from the rose gardens of Santa Barbara.

Honey naturally is thought of. Apiculture here is a great business. The bee has to be busy all day long and all through the year—no rest. One ingenious fellow proposed crossing the working bee with the firefly, so it could work all night long by its own lantern. But this is better. I hear wondrous stories of bees getting into cracks of church towers or upper stories, and bulging out the buildings with their

accumulated stores—positively cartloads of sweetness. Think of honey made from orange flowers selling at five cents a pound!

A clergyman writing of Santa Barbara County says that twenty-five years ago all their vegetables were imported. Now beans yield a ton to the acre, potatoes two hundred and fifty bushels per acre, and he has seen potatoes that weighed six, seven, and eight and a half pounds —as much as an ordinary baby; beets, seventy-five tons to the acre; carrots, thirty. Mr. Webster once declared in Congress that this State could never raise a bushel of grain. Corn yields fifty bushels to the acre; barley, sixty; wheat, thirty. Others give much higher records: corn, one hundred and thirty bushels; barley, eighty; potatoes, four hundred; forty tons of squashes, four tons of hay, sixty tons of beets.

I have spoken of stock-raising. Dairying is a profitable industry. Poultry farming a little uncertain. If interested in mining there is much to explore. Just in this county are found gold, silver, copper, asphaltum, bituminous rock, gypsum, quicksilver, natural gas, and petroleum.

And what sort of a climate does one find? Santa Barbara is an all-year-round resort. It has all that one could ask.

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea."

It is a perpetual summer—sometimes a cold and rainy June, sometimes a little too warm, sometimes a three days' sand-storm, disagreeable and trying; but it is always June, as we in New England know June. At least it is Juney from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M. Just before sunset the temperature falls. Then when the sun goes rapidly in or down it is like being out at sea. And to a sensitive patient, with nerves all on outside, chilled by the least coolness, it is unpleasantly piercing.

When any one describes Santa Barbara to you as a town

> "Where winds are hushed nor dare to breathe aloud,
> Where skies seem never to have borne a cloud,"

remember that this applies truthfully to "a Santa Barbara day," but *not* to all days. Surf

bathers go in every month of the year. But this does not alter the fact that a person would be disappointed and consider himself deceived if he accepted the general idea of absolute heaven on earth. The inhabitants do not wish such exaggerations and misrepresentations to go forth. California can bear to have the whole truth told, and still be far ahead. Who wants eternal sunshine, eternal monotony?

The temperature during the day varies little. I see that one resident compares it with May in other parts of the country. I think he has never tried to find a picnic day in early May in New England. He says: "Our coldest month is warmer than April at Philadelphia, and our warmest one much cooler than June at same place." They did have one simoon in 1859, when the mercury rose to 133°, and stayed there for eight hours. Animals and birds died, trees were blasted and burned, and gardens ruined. But that was most "unusual."

Flannels are worn the year round. Average of rain, seventeen inches. There are sixty-one mineral and medicinal springs in California that

are already famous. Here we can take hot sulphur baths, and drink the nauseous water that is said to cure almost all diseases.

Farming is comparatively easy. But grape-vines are smitten by a mysterious disease called "cellular degeneration," and phylloxera; a black scale that injures orange and olive, and a white scale that is worse. Apples are not free from worms; the gopher is sure to go for every root it can find. There was a serpent even in the original Eden. The historian remarks: "The cloddish, shiftless farmer is perhaps safer in Massachusetts." I think of experiences at "Gooseville," and decide not to buy, nor even rent a ranch, nor accept one if offered. "Fly to ills I know not of?" No, thank you!

I'm tired now of agriculture and climate, and will turn to less practical themes. You sympathize. We will stop and begin a new chapter, with a hope of being more interesting.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN GALA DRESS.

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing, fast and bright;
Both isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light."

TO see Santa Barbara at its best you must go there for the Floral Carnival. Then at high noon, on a mid-April day, all State Street is brilliantly decorated with leaves of the date-palm, pampa plumes, moss combined with tropical foliage, calla-lilies, wild-flowers, bamboo, immortelles, branches of pepper trees, evergreens, lemon boughs laden with yellow fruit, and variegated shrubs. Draperies of white and gold, with green or red in contrast, or blue and white, in harmony with red flowers, or floral arches draped with fish-nets bestrewn with pink roses; or yellow alone in draperies combined with the poppy, or gray moss and

roses. No one fails to respond to the color summons for the day of days. The meat-markets are tastefully concealed with a leafy screen and callas. The undertaker makes his place as cheerful as possible with evergreens, roses, and red geraniums. The drugstore is gaily trimmed, and above the door see the great golden mortar made of marigolds. The Mexican and Californian colors are often flung out, and flags are flying from many windows. The long broad street is a blaze of glory; the immense audience, seated on tiers of benches, wait patiently, then impatiently, for the expected procession; and as many more people are standing in line, equally eager. Many have baskets or armfuls of flowers, with which to pelt the passing acquaintance. There are moments of such intense interest that everything is indelibly and eternally photographed. I see, as I write, the absolutely cloudless sky of perfect blue, the sea a darker shade, equally perfect, the white paved street, the kaleidoscope of color, the fluttering pennants, the faces of the crowd all turned in one direction, and hark! the band is really

coming, the beginning of the pageant is just seen, and now sea, sky, flags, crowds are no more regarded, for the long-talked-of parade is here. See advancing the Grand Commander and his showy aids, gay Spanish cavaliers, the horses stepping proudly, realizing the importance of the occasion, the saddles and bridles wound with ribbons or covered with flowers. And next the Goddess of Flowers, in canopy-covered shell, a pretty little Mayflower of a maiden, with a band of maids of honor, each in a dainty shell. The shouts and applause add to the excitement, and flowers are hurled in merry war at the cavaliers, and the goddess and her attendants. Next comes the George Washington coach, modelled after the historic vehicle, occupied by stately dames and courtly gentlemen in colonial array; even the footmen are perfection in the regulation livery of that period. Solemn and imposing this may be, but they get a merciless shower of roses, and one of the prizes. And do look at the haymakers! Oh, that is charming! Country girls and boys on a load of new-mown hay, with broad-brimmed

hats, and dresses trimmed with wild-flowers. And now the advance-guard is coming down again; they have just turned at the head of the line, and it is already a little confusing. But the judges! How can they keep cool, or even think, with such a clamor of voices, and guests chattering thoughtlessly to them. Here comes a big basket on wheels, handle and all covered with moss and roses. Four girls in pink silk trimmed with moss stand within, bearing shields of pink roses to protect their laughing faces from excess of attention. What a lovely picture! Another basket just behind covered entirely with marguerites; the wheels also are each a marguerite, the white horses with harness covered with yellow ribbon—so dainty, so cool. Is it better than the other? And here is a Roman chariot, a Spanish market-wagon, a phaeton covered with yellow mustard, a hermit in monastic garb; then Robin Hood and his merry men, and Maid Marian in yellow-green habit, Will Scarlet and Friar Tuck in green doublets, yellow facings, bright green felt hats, bows and quivers flower-trimmed, even the tiny ar-

rows winged with blossoms. Now there are equipages three deep to survey instead of one, as they pass and repass in bewildering splendor. And do look! Here come the comicalities! "The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe"—a big floral slipper, with a dozen children in pink and gray-green, and the old woman on great poke-bonnet; a Japanese jinrikisha; an egg of white flowers, and a little boy hid away so as to peep and put out a downy head as a yellow chicken; a bicycle brigade; equestriennes; an interesting procession of native Californians, with the accoutrements of the Castilian, on horseback. One carriage is banked with marigolds, and the black horses are harnessed in yellow of the exact shade. It is fitly occupied by black-eyed Spanish beauties, with raven hair done up high with gold combs, and black lace costumes with marigolds for trimming, and takes a well-deserved prize.

Roses, roses, roses, roses! How they fly and fall as the fleeting display is passing! Thirty thousand on one carriage. Roses cover the street. And yet the gardens don't seem stripped.

Where millions are blooming thousands are not missed. And not roses alone, but every flower of field and garden and conservatory is honored and displayed. Now the contestants are driving up to the grand stand to secure silken banners. Every one looks a little bit weary in procession and audience. Is it over? I murmur regretfully:

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

Yes, it is over! Waving banners, rainbow colors, showers of blossoms, rosy faces, mimic battle, fairy scenes, the ideal realized!

This is better than the New Orleans Mardi Gras, so often marred by rain and mud, with mythological ambiguities that few can understand, and difficult to interpret in passing tableaux; better than similar display at Nice and Mentone. *This* I do call "unique" and the only. Let Santa Barbara have this yearly festa for her own. She has fairly won the preëminence.

We at the comparatively frozen and prosaic

north can indulge in gay coaching parades at Franconia, Newport, or Lenox, where costumes of gorgeous hues assist the natural beauty of the flowers. But it is only a coaching parade, at the wind-up of a gay season. We cannot catch the evanescent glamour, the optical enchantment, the fantastic fun, the exquisite art of making long preparation and hard work, careful schemes for effect, appear like airy nonsense for the amusement of an idle hour. We show the machinery. A true carnival can only be a success in a perpetual "summer-land," "within a lovely landscape on a bright and laughing seacoast." Taine said, "Give me the race, the surroundings, and the epoch, and I show you the man." Give me fair women, roses, sunshine, leisure, and high-bred, prancing steeds, and I show you this Santa Barbara Carnival.

But this is only a portion of the entertainment. There is a display of flowers at the Pavilion, where everything can be found that blooms in California, all most artistically arrayed; and more fascinating in the evening,

when hundreds of tiny electric lights twinkle everywhere from out the grayish-green moss, and the hall is filled with admiring guests. There is always a play given one evening by amateur talent, a tournament, and a grand closing ball.

The tournament is exciting, where skilful riders try tilting at rings, trying to take as many rings as possible on lance while galloping by the wires on which these rings are lightly suspended—a difficult accomplishment. Their costumes are elaborate and gay, but never *outrè* or bizarre, and no two alike. Each has his own color, and, like the knights of old, has a fayre ladye among the spectators who is especially interested and anxious for his success.

Next comes the Spanish game of "colgar," picking up ten-dollar gold pieces from the saddle, the horse at full speed. And the gymkhana race ends the games. Those who enter, saddle at the word "go," open an umbrella, and, taking out a cigar, light and smoke it—then see who first rides to the goal.

Last came the real *vaqueros*, and they ride

untamed, unbroken horses, after a long and rather painful struggle to mount. They lasso mustangs and do wonderful things. But it was too much. I was glad to go and rest.

The Flower Dance at the ball, where human flowers formed intricate figures and dances for our edification and delight, was so attractive that my words are of no avail. Picture twenty-eight young ladies, each dressed to represent a flower—hollyhock, pansy, moss, rose, morning-glory, eucalyptus blossom, pink clover, yellow marguerite, Cherokee rose, pink carnation, forget-me-not, buttercup, pink-and-white fuchsia, lily of the valley, wine-colored peony, white iris, daffodil, and so on. They advance with slowly swaying motion, with wreaths uplifted until they reach the stage, where sit the guests of honor. There they bow low, then lay the garlands at their feet, and retire, forming ingeniously pretty groups and figures, while bees and butterflies flit in and out. See the bees pursuing the little pink rosebuds until at last they join hands and dance gaily away, only to be enthusiastically recalled.

Do you ladies want to understand a little in detail about the dresses? Of course you do. Well, here is the yellow marguerite:

Slender petals of yellow satin falling over a skirt of white silk crêpe, a green satin calyx girdle about her waist, and golden petals drooped again from the neck of her low bodice and over her shoulders.

A handsome brunette represented a wine-colored peony in a rich costume of wine-colored velvet and satin. The petals fell to make the skirt, and rose again from a bell sheathing the neck of her low corsage, and the cap on her dark hair was a copy of the flower.

There, you see how it is done. But it requires genius to succeed in such an undertaking. Look at Walter Crane's pictures of human flowers for more suggestions.

Most effective of all was the cachuca, danced by a girl of pure Castilian blood, who was dressed to symbolize the scarlet passion-flower. The room was darkened save where she stood, and her steps and poses were full of Spanish fire and feeling, combined with poetic grace.

Yes, it is over, but the pictures remain as freshly colored as if I saw it all but yesterday.

During the Carnival sentiment reigns supreme —that is, if you have engaged rooms far in advance, and the matter of three daily meals is settled—and portly business men become gallant, chivalrous, and even poetic. In testimony I offer two verses sent to a lady visitor with a bunch of roses:

"We had not thought it was for aught
He lingered round us, scanning,
But to admire our spring attire,
The south wind softly fanning.

"But when we knew it was for you
Our charms he sought to capture,
All round the bower each budding flower
Blushed pink with rosy rapture.

"Lovingly,
THE ROSES."

George Eliot once said: "You love the roses —so do I! I wish the sky would rain down roses as they rain from off the shaken bush. Why will it not? Then all the valleys would be pink and white, and soft to tread on. They

would fall as light as feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be like sleeping and yet waking all at once."

She never knew Santa Barbara.

I said the horses feel proud, and their owners tell me how they turn their heads to see their adornment. And well they may, for a true Barbareno loves his horse as does the Arab, and delights in his decoration. Easily first in this matter is Mr. W. D. Thompson, who came to Santa Barbara from Maine more than forty years ago, a nephew of the captain with whom Dana sailed. Mr. Thompson is a progressive man, who appreciates the many improvements achieved and contemplated, but still loves to tell of the good old times when he was roughing it as a pioneer. He has done a most important and valuable work in having a typical Mexican saddle and bridle of the most approved and correct pattern made out of the finest leather and several thousand silver dollars. As his favorite mare stood before me with this magnificent saddle on, and her forelegs tied with a little strap so that she could

step daintily but not run, I never saw such a pretty sight of the kind. This saddle and bridle, worth over $3000, are now on exhibition in Chicago. No more significant or beautiful exhibition of the early argonautic period could be sent from Southern California, and it will surely attract constant and admiring attention. Here is a description from the San Francisco *Argonaut:*

"This saddle and bridle, manufactured of bullion from Mexican dollars, are exquisite works of art. The saddle is of typical Mexican pattern, with a high pommel, well-hollowed seat, and the most elaborate of trappings. The leather is stamped with elegant designs, and the whole thing is a complete, costly, and elaborate equipment, of good taste and artistic design. The saddle is studded over with silver ornaments. The leather facings are set thick with buttons and rosettes; the pommel is encased in silver; the corners of the aprons are tipped with silver; the stirrups are faced and edged with silver half an inch thick, elaborately chased and carved. The saddle-tree is

hung with silver rings, fore and aft, to answer all the requirements of the vaquero in lacing up his riata. The girth, which passes under the horse's belly and cinches the saddle in place, is woven of hair from horses' manes by a native artisan, and is fully eight inches broad, with a tassel hanging at its middle. The saddle, the bridle, and all its appointments are marvels of beauty. The reins, martingale, and whip are composed of solid silver in woven strands. The headstall is covered with fluted silver, with large engraved silver rosettes at the sides, with decorations of flowers and heads of wheat, with an elaborate nose-piece with silver engraving. The side-pieces are of silver, massive and ornate, with a silver chain under the horse's jaw. The bridle, reins, and accessories weigh about twelve pounds, and are worth not less than two hundred and fifty dollars in value of silver coin used in its manufacture."

Everybody up and down the coast knows Dixie Thompson. His talk is full of delightful anecdotes of the early settlers, and he has a droll, dry humor of his own that is refreshing.

Mr. Nordhoff, who is an old friend, once wrote to the Harper "Drawer" about his shrewd way of restraining the over-keen traders and laboring men who tried to impose upon him. He heads the pleasant bit of gossip, "Captain Thompson's Club," and says:

"Captain Dixie is, to all appearance, the man of most leisure in all leisurely Santa Barbara. He and his horses and carriages are always at the service of a friend. But while he seems to be the idlest of men, he is, in fact, an extremely capable business man who has many irons in the fire—tills much good land, has horses and cattle and pigs of the best breeds on many hills and in several rich valleys, and keeps all his affairs running in good order. Still, he is an easy-going, not a bustling, man of business. And it is just here that his social contrivance comes in: he has judged it expedient to form a club.

"'You see,' said he, the other day, to an old friend, 'the boys don't always see me around, and sometimes they try to take a little advantage. I find a fellow who don't haul half a

load for me while I am paying for a full load; another one who gives me short measure; or another who does not do what I have told him. I hate to scold; and as they all deny when I accuse them, and I can't be telling men that they are lying to me, I thought I'd just establish a Liars' Club and bring them all in. It is now in good, healthy operation. We don't call it the Liars' Club, of course; we speak of the Club. But when I catch a man trying to 'do' me, I just tell him that I'll have to make him a member of the Club.—Oh, how do you do, Mr. President?' said Captain Dixie to a well-known character just then passing by.—'He's the president of the Club, you know,' he added. 'Here's Pancho now; I told him the other day I would have to make him a member of the Club if he didn't look out. I guess he'll get in yet. It's a very flourishing club, and more useful, I guess, than some others.'

"Don't laugh, my dear Drawer. I believe Captain Thompson has struck an admirable idea, and one which might well have wide application. Don't you suppose the material for such a club

exists, for instance—not here in New Haven, of course, but over in New York, say, or perhaps in Washington? Think it over. The Drawer has always taken the lead in great moral and social improvements. I leave it to you."

Here, as in all Southern California, you will never know anything of the real town unless you have a friend who can take you to unfrequented cross-country drives up winding paths to mesas, or upland pasture guarded by lock and key from the average tourist, and get views indescribably fine.

I am ashamed of my fellow-travellers who pick oranges by the score, and even break off boughs from the choicest and most conspicuous trees, and rush uninvited pell-mell into private grounds and quiet homes of well-bred people to see and exclaim and criticise. Add to this nuisance the fact that hundreds of invalids come yearly to the most desirable localities, turning them into camping-grounds for bacilli. I wonder at the singular forbearance and courtesy of the residents.

Occasionally some one invited to speechify or air his opinion of things in general here bluntly expresses his surprise at finding everywhere so much culture, wealth, and refinement. This is a queer reflection on the fact that this part of the State is filled with specimens of our finest families from the East. I will frankly admit that I must be at my very best to keep up with those I have been privileged to meet here.

You must not forget when in Santa Barbara to visit the fine public library, the best adapted for the convenience of actual workers of any I have entered. You must not fail to drive to Montecito ("little forest"), to Carpenteria and Goleta.

I also advise you to spend a morning in Mr. Ford's studio, and an afternoon with Mr. Starke and his treasures in wood-carving and inlaying, brought yearly from the Yosemite, wrought out with his own hands. He uses nearly fifty varieties of trees in his woodwork, and few see his stock and go away without investing in a redwood cane, a paper-knife, or an inlaid table.

His orders come from all parts of the world, and are often very large, mounting up to hundreds of dollars. He is a simple-hearted student of nature, and a thorough workman. I enjoyed a brief visit to Chinatown and Spanishtown close by, where I saw a woman scrubbing clothes on a long flat board, with a piece of soap in each hand, standing in a hut made of poles covered with brush, and noticed an old oven outdoors and the meat hung up in strips to dry. I enjoyed also a call on the old fellow who "catcha de fisha."

And now, looking back as we are whirled away, I find I am repeating those lines from Shelley which so exactly reproduce the picture:

"The earth and ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality."

CHAPTER XIV.

AU REVOIR.

JUST as a woman is leaving her friends she ever has the most to chatter about. How can I say *au revoir* briefly when there is so much more to tell? I so earnestly want to give California *en verdad*, or in truth. There has been too much bragging from the settlers, as in 1887 the Los Angeles *Herald* said that "New York would soon be excelled by that city." There is a general desire to surpass all the rest of the world in as many ways as possible, and a general belief that it can easily be done. And visitors have omitted all that was unpleasant, and exaggerated the good points, so that one Californian speaks "of the dancing dervishes of travel, singing insanely from the moment they come to us."

There is so much that is novel in this wonder-

land that it is hard to keep cool and look at all sides. In 1870 all vegetables and grain were imported. Mr. Webster declared long ago in Congress that California was absolutely worthless except for mining and grazing. The rancheros thought the land only fit for sheep to roam over. Now great train-loads of vegetables and grain leave daily for the East; all the earliest fruit of New York, Boston, and Chicago comes from this State, and ships are carrying all these products to all parts of the world. From north to south the State measures over 800 miles—as far as from New York to Florida—with an area of 189,000 square miles—as much as New England and the Middle States combined, throwing in Maryland. The northern and southern portions are as unlike as Massachusetts and Florida, and the State must soon be divided. How little is known of Northern California! Next year I hope to describe that, with its lofty mountains, wonderful scenery, lakes of rare beauty, immense interests in grain, fruits, and mining. This little bit along the coast is but a minute portion of

the whole. I have only followed in the footsteps of the Fathers, and would like to take you to Monterey, where Junipero Serra founded his last mission. Mrs. Stanford has placed a statue of the dear old saint on the shore to honor his life-work. Realizing the size of the State and its capabilities, big stories seem inevitable. As Talleyrand said of Spain, "It is a country in which two and two make five."

Some statements need to be modified. It is declared over and over that here there are no thunderstorms. In the *Examiner* of May 19th I read: "Santa Rosa was visited by a very severe electrical storm about eleven o'clock last night. The sky was brilliantly illuminated by lightning, and peal after peal of heavy thunder was heard. This was followed by a rain which continued until near morning." A church steeple was struck by lightning and destroyed. This is unusual, but for "never" read "hardly ever." No mad dogs, yet a little terrier I bought in San Francisco to give to a friend had to be shot its first summer on account of rabies. Let us balance matters:

No malaria,	but	rheumatism.
No cyclones,	"	wind and sand storms.
No thunderstorms,	"	earthquakes.
No mad dogs,	"	rattlesnakes and centipedes, tarantulas and scorpions.
No sunstrokes,	"	chilling fogs.

All goes when the sun goes. The climate is "outdoors." A sunny room is essential. The difference between noonday and midnight, temperature between sun and shade, is something to be learned and guarded against.

Each place is recommended by doctors who have regained their own health as *the* place for invalids. What Dr. Edwards says of San Diego is repeated everywhere else by experts:

"San Diego presents the most even climate, the largest proportion of fair, clear days, a sandy and absorbent soil, and the minimum amount of atmospheric moisture—all the factors requisite in a perfect climate."

In each "*peripheral resistances are reduced to a minimum.*" Dr. Radebaugh, of Pasadena, who, I believe, has not the normal amount of lung but has been restored to health by the air of Pasadena, where he has a large practice, as-

sures me that, in his candid opinion, "Pasadena is the greatest all-the-year-round health-resort in the world." Dr. Isham, of same place, goes into details, and is almost the only physician I have consulted who acknowledges drawbacks in the Pasadena climate for those who desire a cure for throat or lungs. "This climate, like all else here, is paradoxical and contradictory," and he mentions that the winds blowing from the Pacific are not usually the rain-bearers, but those blowing from a point directly opposite, and that the arid desert. Among objectionable features he mentions the "marked changes of temperature daily, frequent fogs, excess of humidity in winter owing to protracted rains (thirty inches in five months, from November, 1892, to March of this year); hot, dry winds that prevail in summer, with wind and sand storms, which have a debilitating effect on nervous systems, and are irritating to the mucous membrane."

How refreshing to find one person who does not consider his own refuge from disease an ideal health-resort! He also owns that doctors

do not know yet how to treat such troubles as bronchitis, as is proven by their experimenting upon patients in Minnesota, Colorado, Arizona, Florida, and Pasadena. And he closes his letter in this way:

"When local jealousies have subsided, and contending climates have had their day, the thing of cardinal importance for an invalid such as you have mentioned to do when about to change his or her home will be, not to attach too much importance to this or that particular climatic condition as determined by the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, anemometer, and other meteorological instruments, nor to lay too much stress on a difference of a few hundred or thousand feet of elevation above the sea; but choose a home where the environments will afford the invalid or valetudinarian the greatest opportunity of living out-of-doors, and of spending the hours of sunshine in riding, driving, walking, and in other ways, whereby the entrance of pure air into the lungs is facilitated. In Pasadena the days in winter are warm enough to make outdoor life attract-

ive and healthful, while the number of sunny days throughout the year is above the average of that prevailing in many other deservedly popular health-resorts."

I will also quote a letter received from Dr. W. B. Berry, formerly of Montclair, N. J., who, coming to Southern California an almost hopeless invalid, is now fairly well, and will probably entirely regain his health. He also is careful and conservative in statement, and therefore commands serious attention:

"RIVERSIDE, Cal., May 2, 1893.

"DEAR MISS SANBORN: To recommend any place to an invalid is to an experienced climate-hunter no doubt, at times, a duty,—certainly it is a duty from which he shrinks.

"One does not see so many advanced cases of pulmonary disease here as at either Asheville or Colorado Springs. The thousands of miles of alkali, sage-brush, and desolation might explain that, but it does seem to me that a much larger proportion of consumptives are 'doing well' in this country than in those.

"*Pure dry air*, *pure water*, and *clean dry soil* are the climatic elements essential for the pulmonary invalid, and for most others. These conditions can be found at Riverside and its vicinity during a large proportion of the year.

"Here, too, are cool walks, with sunshine or shade, as may be desired, and things on every side to interest. For, unfortunately, the man with a sore chest has a brain and a spinal cord to be stimulated and fed, not to speak of those little heartstrings undiscovered by the anatomist, and which yet tug and pull mightily in a far country.

"In short, it would seem that any consumptive in an early stage of his disease who does not thrive at a moderate altitude would do well to come here and to stay—that is, if he will remember that all the climate is out-of-doors."

My own troublesome throat is almost as good as new, and I am proud to name my physician, *Outdoors*, *M.D.* Come and consult the same unfailing restorer.

I have given, according to my humble ability,

la verdad cierta—the absolute truth—about the small fraction of the State known as Southern California.

I came with gargle and note-book, but long ago gave up the former; and as for these jottings, I offer them to those who want to see this much-talked-of Earthly Paradise as in a verbal mirror. And to all a cordial *au revoir!*

"Adieu to thee again!
A vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine:
The mind is colored by thy every hue."

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